

N^o. XV.

THE
MONTH

SEPTEMBER 1865.



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Thoughts on St. Gertrude.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

WHEN a voice from the thirteenth century comes to us, amid the din of the nineteenth, it is difficult for those interested in the cause of human progress not to feel their attention strongly challenged. Such a voice appeals to us in a work which has now first appeared in an English version.* We owe it to a Religious of the Order of Poor Clares; a daughter of St. Francis thus paying to St. Benedict a portion of that debt which all the religious orders of the West owe to their great patriarch. The book possesses a profound interest, and that of a character wholly apart from polemics. The thirteenth century, the noblest of those included in the "Ages of Faith," was a troubled time; but high as the contentions of rival princes and feudal chiefs swelled, we have here a proof that

"Birds of calm sat brooding on the charmed wave."

Not less quieting is the influence of such records in our own time. They make their way—music being more penetrating than mere sound—amid the storm of industrialism and its million wheels. Controversialists may here forget their strifes, and listen to the annals of that interior and spiritual life which is built up in peace and without the sound of the builder's hammer, much less of sword or axe. There is here no necessary or direct contest between rival forms of belief. Monasteries have been pulled down and sold in Catholic as well as in Protestant countries; and in the latter also are to be found men whose highest aspiration is to rebuild them, and restore the calm strength and sacred labours which they once protected. Such books are not so much a protest against any age as the assertion of those great and universal principles of truth and peace which can alone enable each successive age to correct its errors, supply its defects, and turn its special opportunities to account. It is not in a literary point of view that they interest us chiefly, although they include not a little which reminds us of Dante, and reveal to us one of the chief sources from which the great Christian poet drew his inspiration.

* The Life and Revelations of St. Gertrude, Virgin and Abbess. By a Religious of the Order of Poor Clares.

Their interest is mainly human. They show us what the human being can reach, and by what personal influences, never more potent than when their touch is softest, society, in its rougher no less than in its milder periods, is capable of being moulded.

The *Revelations of St. Gertrude* were first translated into Latin, as is affirmed, by Lamberto Luscorino in 1390. This work was, however, apparently never published; and the first Latin version, by which they became generally known, was that put forth under the name of *Insinuationes Divinæ Pietatis*, by Lanspergius, who wrote at the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. The work has appeared in several of the modern languages; but the French translation, by which it has hitherto been chiefly known among us, has many inaccuracies. The present English translation has been carefully made from the Latin of Lanspergius, and the original is frequently quoted in the foot-notes. The *Insinuationes* consist of five books. Of these the second only came from the hand of the Saint, the rest being compiled by a religious of her monastery, partly from personal knowledge, and partly from the papers of St. Gertrude. Two works by the Saint, her *Prayers* and her *Exercises*, have lately appeared in an English version.

St. Gertrude was born at Eisleben in the county of Mansfield, on the 6th of January 1263, just sixty-nine years after the birth of St. Clare, the great Italian saint, from whose convent at Assisi so many others had already sprung in all parts of Europe, and whose name had already become a great living power in Germany and Poland, as well as in the sunny South.* St. Gertrude was descended from an illustrious house, that of the Counts of Lackenborn. When but five years old she exchanged her paternal home for the Benedictine Abbey of Rodersdorf, where she was soon after joined by her sister, afterwards the far-famed St. Mechtilde. When about twenty-six she first began to be visited by those visions which never afterwards ceased for any considerable time. At thirty she was chosen abbess; and for forty years she ruled a sisterhood whom she loved as her children. The year after she became abbess she removed with her charge to another, but neighbouring convent, that of Heldelfs. No other change took place in her outward lot. Her life lay *within*. As her present biographer remarks, "she lived at home with her Spouse."

The visions of St. Gertrude are an endless parable of spiritual truths, as well as a record of wonderful graces. From the days when

* An interesting life of this Saint and of her earlier companions has lately been published in English: *St. Clare, St. Colette, and the Poor Clares; by a Religious of the Order of Poor Clares*. J. F. Fowler, Dublin.

our Divine Lord Himself taught from the hill-side and the anchored ship, it has been largely through parable that divine lore has been communicated to man. Religious and symbolic art is a parable of truths that can only be expressed in types. The legends through which the earlier ages continue to swell the feeble veins of later times with the pure freshness of the Church's youth are for the most part facts which buried themselves deep in human sympathies and recollections, because in them the particular shadowed forth the universal. It is the same thing in philosophy itself; and that *Philosophia Prima* which, as Bacon tells us, discerns a common law in things as remote as sounds are from colours, and thus traces the "same footsteps of nature" in the most widely-separated regions of her domain, finds constantly in the visible and familiar a parable of the invisible and unknown. The very essence of poetry also consists in this, that, not only in its metaphors and figures, but in its whole spirit, it is a parable, imparting to material objects at once their most beautiful expression and that one which reveals their spiritual meaning. So long as the imagination is a part of human intellect, it must have a place in all that interprets between the natural and the spiritual worlds.

The following characteristic passage, while it shows that St. Gertrude made no confusion between allegory and vision, yet suggests to us that so poetical a mind might, under peculiar circumstances, be more easily favoured with visions than another.

"Whilst Thou didst act so lovingly towards me, and didst not cease to draw my soul from vanity to Thyself, it happened on a certain day, between the Festival of the Resurrection and the Ascension, that I went into the court before Prime, and seated myself near the fountain; and I began to consider the beauty of the place, which charmed me on account of the clear and flowing stream, the verdure of the trees which surrounded it, and the flights of the birds, and particularly of the doves,—above all, the sweet calm,—apart from all, and considering within myself what would make this place most useful to me, I thought that it would be the friendship of a wise and intimate companion, who would sweeten my solitude, or render it useful to others; when Thou, my Lord and my God, who art a torrent of inestimable pleasures, after having inspired me with the first impulse of this desire, Thou didst will also to be the end of it; inspiring me with the thought, that if by my continual gratitude I return Thy graces to Thee, as a stream returns to its source; if, increasing in the love of virtue, I put forth, like the trees, the flowers of good works; furthermore, if, despising the things of earth, I fly upwards freely, like the birds, and thus free my senses from the

distraction of exterior things, my soul would then be empty, and my heart would be an agreeable abode for Thee" (p. 76).

If in this passage we see how the natural yearning for sympathy and companionship may rise into the heavenly aspirations from which mere nature would divert the heart, we find in the following one a type of that compensation which is made to unreserved loyalty. The religion of the Incarnation gives back, in a human as well as a Divine form, all that human instincts had renounced. "It was on that most sacred night in which the sweet dew of Divine grace fell on all the world, and the heavens dropped sweetness, that my soul, exposed like a mystic fleece in the court of the sanctuary, having received in meditation this celestial rain, was prepared to assist at this Divine Birth, in which a Virgin brought forth a Son, true God and Man, even as a star produces its ray. In this night, I say, my soul beheld before it suddenly a delicate child, but just born, in whom were concealed the greatest gifts of perfection. I imagined that I received this precious deposit in my bosom" (p. 85).

One of the chief tests as to the Divine origin of visions consists in their tending towards humility; for those which come from a human, or worse than human source, tend to pride. The humility of St. Gertrude was profound as the purity of which humility is the guardian was spotless. "One day, after I had washed my hands, and was standing at the table with the community, perplexed in mind, considering the brightness of the sun, which was in its full strength, I said within myself, 'If the Lord, who has created the sun, and whose beauty is said to be the admiration of the sun and moon; if He who is a consuming fire is as truly in me as He shows Himself frequently before me, how is it possible that my heart continues like ice, and that I lead so evil a life?'" (p. 106.)

There can be no stronger argument in favour of the supernatural origin of St. Gertrude's visions than their subjects. The highest of her flights, far from carrying her beyond the limits of sound belief, or substituting the fanciful for the fruitful, but bears her deeper into the heart of the great Christian Verities. She soars to heaven to find there, in a resplendent form, the simplest of those truths which are our food upon earth. As the glorified bodies of the blessed will be the same bodies which they wore during their earthly pilgrimage, so the doctrines, "sun-clad," in her *Revelations* are still but the primary articles of the Creed. Her special gift was that of realisation: what others admitted, she believed; what others believed, she saw. It was thus that she felt the co-presence of the supernatural with the natural, the kingdom of spirit not to her being a future world, but a wider circle clasping a smaller

one. From this feeling followed her intense appreciation of the fact, that all earthly things have immediate effects on high. If a prayer is said on earth, she sees the sceptre in the hand of the heavenly King blossom with another flower; if a Sacrament is worthily received, the glory on His face flashes lightning round all the armies of the blessed. That such things should be seen by us may well seem wonderful; that they should *exist* can appear strange to no one who realises the statement, that when a sinner repents there is joy among the angels in heaven.

A vision, from which we learn the belief of one of God's humblest creatures that something was lost to His honour by her compulsory absence from choir, but that He was more than compensated for the loss by the holy patience with which she submitted to illness (p. 180), is not more wonderful than the fact, that God's glory should be our constant aim, or that God should have joy in those that love Him. The marvel is, that the Saint was always believing what we profess to believe. She lived in an everlasting jubilee of Divine and human love: it was always to her what a beaming firmament might be to one who for the first time had walked up out of a cave. She was ever seeing in visible types the tokens of a transcendent union between God and man,—a deification, so to speak, of man in heaven. Is this more wonderful than the words that bow the foreheads and bend the knees of the faithful, "He was made man"? If such things be true, the wonder is, not that a few saints realise them, living accordingly in contemplation and in acts of love, but that a whole world should stand upon such truths as its sole ground of hope, and yet practically ignore them.

Neither in ordinary Christian literature nor in the ordinary Christian life do we find what might have been anticipated eighteen centuries ago by those who then first received the doctrines of the Incarnation and the Communion of Saints. How many have written as if Christianity were merely a regulative principle, introduced to correct the aberrations of natural instincts! Yet even under the old dispensation the sacred thirst of the creature for the Creator was confessed: "As longeth the hart for the water-springs, so longeth my soul after Thee, O Lord." The royal son of the great Psalmist had sung in the Book of Canticles the love of the Creator for the creature. What might not have been expected from Christian times!

How much is not actually found in all those Christian writings, the inspiration of which, in the highest sense of the word, is *de fide*! How supernatural at once and familiar is that Divine and human relationship set forth by our Lord in His parables! What closeness

of union! what omnipotence of prayer! Some perhaps might say, "If our Lord were visibly on earth, as He was during the thirty-three years, then indeed the closeness of intercourse between Him and His own would be transcendent." But the exact contrary is the fact. The closest intercourse is in the spirit, and apart from all that is sensual; the sense is a hindrance to it. So long as He was visibly with them, the affection of the Apostles themselves for their Lord was too material to be capable of its utmost closeness. Even earthly affections are perfected by absence, and crowned by death. Till they are purified by the immortalising fire of suffering, sense clings to the best of them more than we know; not by necessity corrupting them, but limiting, dulling, depressing, and depriving them of penetration and buoyancy. While He was with them, the Apostles sometimes could not understand their Master's teaching—where to the Christian now it seems plain—and replied to it by the words, "Be it far from Thee!" When the Feast of Pentecost was come, they loved Him so, that they did not fear to die for Him; but they no longer so loved Him as to see in Him but the restorer of a visible Israel, and to lament His death. But this Pentecost has continued ever since in the Christian Church! What, then, was to be expected except a fulfilment of the earlier promises: "I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh;" and as a natural consequence of perfected love, the development of the spiritual sight: "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy: your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions" (Joel ii. 28)? Such was the condition of that renewed world for which the Apostles wrote, and to which they promised the spiritual gift and the hidden life. More plainly than the Jewish king they proclaimed that the union between the Creator and the creature was no dream, but that the servants of sense and pride were dreamers; and, in words like a musical echo from the Canticle of Canticles, they affirmed that between Christ and His Church there exists a union, the nearest type of which is to be found in the bridal bond. This was the doctrine that made the world in which St. Gertrude lived. The clear-sighted will see that, the charges brought against her and her Church are charges brought against the Bible no less.

But all is not said when it is affirmed that the ascetics, like the Apostles, enjoyed a closer union with their Lord in His Spirit because He had withdrawn His visible presence from the earth. Sense may separate those whom it seems to unite; but there is a nearness notwithstanding, which has no such paradoxical effect. No one can even approach the subject of the visions of the saints unless he duly appreciates the Real Presence, not only as a doctrine, but in its prac-

tical effects. The saints had a closeness to their Lord denied to the Jewish prophets. He was absent as regards visibility; but He was present in the Blessed Eucharist. If the absence made the love more reverential, the Presence made it more vivid. A large proportion of the visions of the saints were connected with the Blessed Sacrament. In it the veil was not lifted; but the veiled nearness quickened that love which perfects faith. To sense all remained dark; but the spirit was no longer enthralled by sense, and it conversed with its Deliverer.

There are those who could not be happy if they did not believe that the world abounds in persons nobler than themselves. There are others who are affluent but in cavils. The visions of saints must, according to them, be illusory, because they are not demonstrably divine! But are the ordinary graces of Christians distinguished from illusions by demonstration? Is penitence, or humility, or simplicity, demonstrable? Do we believe that nothing is an object of prayer, or an occasion for thanksgiving, till it is proved to be such? Those who know that religion has its vast theological region of certainty know also that there exists an outward region in which, though credulity is an evil, yet needless contentiousness is the note of a petty mind. Or the visions must be fabulous, because the caviller does not understand the mode of spiritual operation to which they are referable! But how much do we know as to the separate or joint action of our bodily, intellectual, and moral powers? We believe in results; but we understand little of processes.

The only visions received as *de fide* are those recorded in the Holy Scriptures. Do we know by what process even these came to exist? Were they external manifestations, such as, if shown to two persons, must have worn for both the same semblance; or may they have had an existence only within the mind of the seer? Is not the real question this—whether or not they had a Divine origin; not whether He who sent them worked on the mind from without, or stimulated its action from within? In this case the visions of some event—such as the Crucifixion—possessed by two different saints, might not have been the less authentic although different from each other in some particulars. Who can say to what extent habitual grace may not determine the action of the imaginative faculty, as of other faculties, so as to produce vision in one man, while it produces prudence or wisdom in another? That grace acts on the mind as well as on the heart no one will deny, since some of the gifts of the Holy Ghost are of an intellectual order, and it is through spiritual discernment that we understand religious truth. It seems, indeed, but natural to suppose that grace should operate on the imagination, and thus counter-

work the seductions by which an evil power assails that faculty—a form of temptation often, but not consistently, insisted on by those who scoff at visions. If this be granted, then, as we can neither measure the different degrees in which grace is granted, and increased by coöperation, nor ascertain the intellectual shape and proportions of those to whom it is accorded, who can affect to determine to what extent that grace may not suffice, in some cases, to produce vision, even when accorded mainly for other purposes?

But this is not all. The imagination does not act by itself; the other faculties work along with it; by them also the vision is shaped in part; and as they are developed, directed, and harmonised in a large measure by grace, in the same degree the vision must, even when not miraculous, be affected by a supernatural influence. Once more: God works upon us through His providence as well as through His grace; and the colour of our thoughts is constantly the result of some external trifle, apparently accidental. A dream is modified by a momentary sound; and a conclusion may be shaped not without aid from a flying gleam or the shadow of a cloud. Our thoughts are “fearfully and wonderfully made,” partly for us and partly by us, and through influences internal and external, which we trace but in part. We can draw a line between the visions which command our acceptance and those which only invite it; but in dealing with the latter class, it seems impossible to determine *à priori* how far they may or may not be accounted supernatural. It will depend upon their evidence, their consequences, their character, and the character of those to whom they belonged.

“But,” the caviller will object, “unassisted genius has visions of its own.” What then? Does that circumstance discredit all visions that claim to be supernatural? Far from it; the visions of genius are elevated by virtue. They are not only purified thus, but edged with insight and enriched with wisdom. Has Virtue, then, nothing of the supernatural? or would Dante have “seen” as much if, instead of following her voice, he had followed that of the siren? Again, simplicity of character, and what Holy Scripture calls “the single eye,” have a close affinity with genius; for which reason the poor possess many characteristics of it denied to the rich,—its honest apprehension of great ideas, for instance, and the inspiration of good sense; its power of realising the essential and of ignoring the accidental; its freshness in impressions and loyalty in sentiment. But simplicity is a Divine gift. Above all, Faith communicates often what resembles genius to persons who would otherwise, perhaps, have narrow minds and wavering hearts. It appears, then, that the whole of our moral and spiritual being—which is of course under supernatural influence

—admits of such a development as is favourable to genius, and may eminently promote that natural "vision" which belongs to it. Education and life may do the same. What disperses the faculties over a vast field of heterogeneous knowledge saps genius; what gives unity to the being strengthens it. It evaporates in vanity; it is deepened by humility. Society dissipates its energies and chills them; solitude concentrates and heats them. Indulgence relaxes it; severity invigorates it. It is dazzled by the importunate sunshine of the present; its eyes grow wider in the twilight of the past and the future. All the circumstances, exterior and interior, that favour genius are thus indirectly connected with Grace or with Providence. What, then, is not to be thought in a case like that of St. Gertrude, in which we find, not genius trained on towards sanctity, but sanctity enriched with genius?

It is, however, to be remembered that we in no degree disparage the claim to a Divine character possessed by St. Gertrude's visions in admitting that some of them may not claim that character. In one favoured with such high gifts, it is not unphilosophical to suppose that the natural qualities, as well as supernatural graces, which lend themselves to visions would probably exist in a marked degree. We have no reason, indeed, to conclude that the Hebrew prophets, to whom visions were sent by God, never possessed, when not thus honoured, any thing that resembled them—any thing beyond what belongs to ordinary men. They, too, may have had unrecorded visions of a lower type, in which the loftiest of their thoughts and deepest of their experiences became visible to them; and if so, they had probably something ancillary to vision in their natural faculties and habits, independently of their supernatural gifts. Among the peculiar natural characteristics of St. Gertrude may be reckoned an extraordinary *literalness* of mind, strangely united with a generalising power. She had a value for every thing as it was, as well as for the idea it included. There was a minuteness as well as a largeness about her. These qualities probably belonged to that pellucid simplicity which kept her all her life like a child. This childlike instinct would of itself have constantly stimulated her colloquies with Him who was the end of all her thoughts. In the spiritual as in the intellectual life, the powers seem augmented through this dramatic process, as though fecundated from sources not their own. The thoughts thus originated seem to come half from the mind with which the colloquy is held, and half from native resources.

Let us now pass to another cavil. Devotions such as those of St. Gertrude have sometimes been censured because they are full of love. There is here a strange confusion. Most justly might

dislike be felt for devotions in which love is not supplemented by a proportionate veneration. Among the Dissenting bodies devotions of this sort are to be found, though we should be sorry rudely to criticise what implies religious affection, and is a recoil from coldness. The fault is not wholly theirs. An age may be so characterised that it cannot be fervent, even in its prayers, without being earthly; but such an age is not religious, and may not judge those that were. In them reverence and love are inseparable. God reigns in man's heart through love and fear. True devotion must therefore have at once its fervid affection and its holy awe. Thus much will be conceded. It does not require much penetration to perceive also that the more it habitually possesses of awe, the more it admits of love. If the expression of Divine resembles that of human affection, this results by necessity from the poverty of language. Those who object to the use of the word "worship" in connection with God's saints as well as with God (though of course used in a different sense) see nothing to surprise them in the circumstance that the terms "love" and "honour" possess equally this double application. Yet when expressions of real and zealous love are addressed to Almighty God, they are sometimes no less scandalised than when worship (that is, honour and veneration) is addressed in a subordinate sense to the saints! In both cases alike they labour under misconceptions which may easily be removed.

To abolish the resemblance between the expression of Divine and human affections, it would be necessary to break down the whole of that glorious constitution of life by which human ties, far from being either arbitrary things or but animal relations improved upon, are types of Divine ties. The Fatherhood in heaven is admitted to be the antetype of human parentage; and the adoptive brotherhood with Christ, the second Adam, to be the antetype of the natural brotherhood. Can any other principle prevail in the case of that tie which is the fountain whence the other domestic charities flow? Not in the judgment of those who believe, with St. Paul, that marriage is a type of that union which subsists between Him and His Church. If there be an analogy between Divine and human ties, so there must be between the love that goes along with them and the blessedness that is inseparable from love.

In such cavils as we have referred to there is a latent error that belonged to the earliest times. The caviller assumes that an element of corruption must needs exist in religious affections which betray any analogy to human affections, whereas it is but a Manichean philosophy which affirms the necessary existence of corruption in the human relations themselves. Human relations are not corrupt

in themselves, either before or since the Fall; but human beings are corrupt and weak, and do but little justice to those relations. Praise, both in heaven and on earth, is held out to us in Holy Scripture as one of the rewards of virtue. It may not be the less true, on that account, that few orators have listened to the acclamations that follow a successful speech without some alloy of self-love. Possessions are allowable; it may be, notwithstanding, that few have had "all things" as though they "had nothing." It is not in the human relations that the evil exists (for they retain the brightness left on them by the Hand that created them), but in those who abuse them by excessive dependence on them, or by disproportion. It is mainly a question of due subordination. Where the higher part of our being is ruled by the lower, or where the lower works apart from and in contempt of the higher, there evil exists. Where the opposite takes place,—where a flame enkindled in heaven feeds first upon the spiritual heights of our being and descends by due degrees through the imagination and the affections,—there the whole of our being works in a restored unity, and there proportionately the senses are glorified by the soul. This has ever been the teaching of that Church which encircles the whole of human life with its girdle of Sacraments. It has naturally come to be forgotten in those communities which admit the legal substitution of divorce and polygamy for the sanctity and inviolability of Christian marriage.

That those who do not understand the relation of human to Divine ties should not understand the devotions of saints is far from strange. The expressions of the saints are bold, because they are innocent. They have no part in that association of ideas which takes refuge in prudery. The language of St. Gertrude is that of one on whose brow the fillet had dropped when she was a child, and who had neither had any experience of earthly love nor wished for any. It is indeed the excellence of the domestic ties that they are indirect channels of communication with Heaven. But in her case the communication was direct and immediate,—a clear flame rising straight from the altar of perpetual sacrifice. The beautiful ascent of affections from grade to grade along the scale of life had in her been superseded by a yet diviner self-devotion. She had not built upon the things that are lawful, within due measure, but upon those Counsels the rewards of which are immeasurable. She had reaped immortal love in the fields of mortification. She had begun where others end. She had found the union of peace with joy. Had there been added to this whatever is best in the domestic ties, it could to her have been but a rehearsal, in a lower, though blameless form, of affections which

she had already known in that highest form in which alone they are capable of being realised in heaven.

Expressions associated with human affections are to be found in St. Gertrude's devotions, because she *had* human affections. In the monastic Renunciation the inmost essence of them is retained; for that essence, apart from its outward accidents, is spiritual. What is the meaning of the Incarnation, if God is not to be loved as man? To what purpose, without this, the helpless childhood, the fields through which He moved, the parables so homely, the miracles of healing, the access given to sinners, the tears by the grave of him whom He was about to restore to life, the hunger and the weariness, the reproach for sympathy withheld? These domestic memories of the Church are intended to give the higher direction to human affections *before* they have strayed into the lower, in order that the lower may receive their interpretation from the higher. Nothing is more wonderful than to see the natural passing into the supernatural in actual life; nothing more instructive than to see this in devotions. It is not the presence of a human element in them, but the absence of a Divine element, that should be deplored. The natural may be shunned where the supernatural is not realised. It can only be realised through love; and love is perfected through self-sacrifice, the strength and science of the saints.

It is easy to distinguish between devotions that are really too familiar and those of the saints. The latter, as has been remarked, are as full of awe as of love. Their familiarity implies the absence of a servile fear; but every where that filial fear, the seat of which is in the conscience, reveals itself. Again, if they regard our Lord in His character of Lover of souls, they regard Him proportionately in His other characters, as Brother and as Friend, as Master and as Lord, as Creator and as Judge. The Manhood in Christ is ever leading the heart on to His Divinity; and the Incarnation, as a picture of the Divine character, is the strongest preacher of Theism. Again, the love that reveals itself in them has no pettiness, no narrowness; it exults in the thought of that great army of the elect, each member of which is equally the object of the Divine love, as a single drop reflects the firmament no less than the ocean of which it is a part. Once more: in such devotions the thirst after the Divine purity is as strongly marked as that for the Divine tenderness; and death is ever welcome, that God may be seen in the spirit.

"But in these Devotions," it is said, "we trace the yearnings of a woman's heart." And why not? With what else is woman to love God? May not the devotion of a child be childlike, and of a man be manly? Why are female affections alone to strain them-

selves into the unnatural, instead of advancing to the supernatural? In such sneers there is as little philosophy as charity. The whole structure of our being—together not only with all its experiences, but with all its capacities,—is that which, yielding to Divine grace, constitutes the mould in which our devotion is cast. It is not religion alone, but every thing,—art, science, whatever we take in,—that is coloured by whatever is special to the faculties or the dispositions of the recipient. Religion is the only thing that holds its own in spite of such modification. It does so on account of its absolute simplicity. But it does much more than hold its own. It is enriched. Religion is as manifold as it is simple. The faculties and instincts of the mere isolated individual are too narrow to allow of his fully accepting the gifts which it extends to us. But fortunately our incapacities balance each other; the characteristics of religion least appreciated by one being often those which will most come home to another. Not only individuals but nations and ages, both by what they have in common and by what they have of unlike, unconsciously help to make up the general store. Christianity has become in one sense to each of us what it was to an à Kempis as well as what it was to an Aquinas; and why not also what it was to a Gertrude or a Theresa? All things subserve this vast scheme. How much we are enriched by those different aspects of religion presented to us by the chief authentic architectures! In the Gothic, which is mystic, suggestive, infinite, it is chiefly the spirituality of religion that is affirmed. In the Roman Basilica, orderly and massive, it is the "law" that is insisted on. In the Byzantine style, precious marble and beaming gold, and every device of rich colour and fair form, preach the inexhaustibility of Christian charity and the beauty of the Eden it restores. These aspects of religion are all in harmony with each other. The mind that embraces them is not endeavouring to blend contradictions into a common confusion, but to reunite great ideas in the unity from which they started. Still more is the manifold vastness of Religion illustrated by those diversities of the *Religious Sentiment* which result from diversities in the human character.

All modern civilisation rests on reverence for woman, both in her virginal and maternal character; the Mother of God, from whom that reverence sprang, being in both these relations alike its great type. In the restored, as in the first Humanity, there is an Eve as well as an Adam; and it has been well remarked, that among the indirect benefits derived from this provision is the circumstance that there thus exists a double cord, by which the two great divisions of the human family are drawn to the contemplation of that true Humanity. From the beginning woman found herself at home in Christianity;

it was to her a native country, in which she fulfilled her happiest destinies, as Paganism had been a foreign land, where she lived in bondage and degradation. In the days of martyrdom the virgins took their place beside the youths amid the wild beasts at the Coliseum. In the days of contemplative monasticism the convents of the nuns, no less than those of the monks, lifted their snowy standards on high, and, by the image of purity which they had there exalted, rendered intelligible the Christian idea of marriage—thus refreshing with ethereal breath those charities of hut and hearth which flourished in the valleys far down. In those convents too the scholastic volume, and the psalm sustained by day and night, proved that the serious belonged to woman as well as the soft and the bright. Since the devastations of later times womanhood has won a yet more conspicuous crown. Through the active orders religion has measured her strength with a world which boasts that at last it is alive and stirring. By nuns the sick have been nursed, the aged tended, the orphan reared, the rude instructed, the savage reclaimed, the revolutionary leader withstood, the revolutionary mob reduced to a sane mind. There are no better priests than those of France; yet they tell us that it has been in no small part through the Sisters of Charity that religion has been restored in their land. In how many an English alley is not the convent the last hope of purity and faith? On how many an Irish waste does not the last crust come from it?

The part of woman in Christianity might have been anticipated. For it she is strengthened even by all that makes her weak elsewhere. In the Christian scheme the law of strength is found in the words, "When I am weak, then I am strong." It is a creaturely, not self-asserting strength; it is not godlike, but consists in dependence on God. In proportion as Self is obliterated, a Divine Presence takes its place, which could otherwise no more inhabit there than the music which belongs to the hollow shell could proceed from the solid rock. To woman, who in all the conditions of life occupies the place of the secondary or satellite, the attainment of this selflessness is perhaps more easy than to man. Obedience is the natural precursor of faith; and to those whose hands are clean the clearer vision is granted. Moreover, religion is mainly of the heart; and in woman the heart occupies a larger relative place than in man. Paganism, with the instinct of a clown, addressed but what was superficial in womanhood, and elicited but what was alluring and ignoble. Christianity addressed it at its depths, and elicited the true, the tender, and the spiritual. The one flattered, but with a coarse caress; the other controlled, but with a touch of air-like softness. In pagan times woman was a chaplet of faded flowers on a festive board; in Christian, it became a "sealed

fountain," by which every flower, from the violet to the amaranth, might grow. Even the chosen people had forgotten her claims;—but "from the beginning it was not so." Christianity reaffirmed them; it could do no less. It addresses distinctively what is feminine in man, as well as what is manly. It challenges, at its first entrance, the passive, the susceptible, the recipient in our nature; and it ignores, as it is ignored by, the self-asserting and the self-included.

That which Christianity claims for woman is but the readjustment of a balance which, when all merit was measured by the test of bodily or intellectual strength, had no longer preserved its impartiality. Milton's line,

"He for God only: she for God in him,"

is more in harmony with the Mahometan, or at least the Oriental, than with the Christian scheme of thought. It is as represented both by its stronger and its gentler half, that man's race pays its true tribute to the great Creator. The modern poet gives us his ideal of man in the form of a prophecy:

"Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman—she of man."^{*}

Singularly enough, this ideal of humanity was fulfilled long since in the conventual life. The true nun has left behind the weakness of her sex. The acceptance of her vocation, implying the renunciation of the tried for the untried, the seen for the unseen, is the highest known form of courage—

"A soft and tender heroine
Vowed to severer discipline."[†]

Her vow is irrevocable; and thus free-will, the infinite in our nature, stands finally pledged to the "better part." In her life of mortification, and her indifference to worldly opinion, she reaches the utmost to which fortitude may aspire; yet she perfects in herself also the characteristic virtues of woman—love, humility, obedience.

The true monk also, while more of a man than other men, includes more of the virtues that belong least often to man. It is preëminently the *soul* within him that has received its utmost development, and become the expression of his being. The highest ideal of the antique world, *mens sana in corpore sano*, implied, not the subordination of the body to the mind, and of both to the soul, but the equal development of the former two, the soul being left wholly out of account. Such a formula, it is true, rises above that

^{*} Tennyson's *Princess*.
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[†] Wordsworth's *Ode to Enterprise*.
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of the mere Epicurean, who subordinates the mind to the body, and makes pleasure the chief good. It leaves, however, no place for the spiritual. By the change which Christianity introduced, virtues which Paganism overlooked or despised became the predominant elements in man's being. Purity, patience, and humility bear to Christian morals a relation analogous to that which faith, hope, and charity bear to theology. The former, like the latter, triad of virtues will ever present to the rationalist the character of mysticism, because they rest upon mysteries—that is, upon realities out of our sight, and hidden in the Divine character. The earthly basis upon which they are sometimes placed by defenders that belong to the Utilitarian school is as incapable of supporting them as the film of ice that covers a lake would be of supporting the mountains close by. These are Christian virtues exclusively, and it was to perfect them that the convents which nurtured saints were called into existence.

We know the hideous picture of monastic life with which a morbid imagination sometimes amuses or frightens itself. Let us frankly contrast with it the true ideal of a monastic saint. No ideal, of course, is fully realised; but still it is only when the ideal is understood that the actual character is appreciated. The monastic life is founded on the Evangelical counsels, the portion of practical Christianity most plainly *peculiar* to the Christian system. It is obedience, but the obedience of love. It is fear, but the fear of offending, far more than the fear of the penalty. It is dependence glorified. It is based on what is feminine as well as on what is masculine in our nature; on a being which has become recipient in a sacred passiveness. It lives by faith, which “comes by hearing;” and its attitude of mind is like that indicated by the sweet and serious, but submitted, face of one who listens to far-off music or a whisper close by. In the stillness of devout contemplation the soul, unhardened and unwrinkled, spreads itself forth like a vine-leaf to the beam of truth and the dews of grace. In this perfected Christian character we find, together with the strength of the stem, the flexibility of the tendril and the freshness of the shoot. For the same reason we find the consummate flower of sanctity—a Bernard or a Francis—and with the flower the fruit, and the seed which has sown Christianity in all lands; for monks have ever been the great missionaries. The soul of the monk who has done most for man has thus most included the womanly as well as the manly type of excellence. It has unity and devotedness. It has that purity which is not only consistent with fervour, but in part proceeds from it. It shrinks not only from the forbidden, but from the disproportionate, the startling, and the abrupt. It is humble, and does not stray as far

as its limit. It regards sin, not as a wild-beast chained, but as a plague, and thinks that it cannot escape too far beyond the infection. It has a modesty which modulates every movement of the being. It has spontaneity, and finds itself at home among little things. It is cheerful and genial, with a momentary birth of good thoughts, wishes, and deeds, that ascend like angels to God, and are only visible to angels.

Nor is this all. It is in the conventual life that the third type of human character—that of the child—is found in conjunction with the other two. In the world even the partial preservation of the child in the man is one of the rare marks of genius. In the cloister the union is common. Where the character is thus *integrated* by harmoniously blending the three human types—viz. man, woman, and child—then man has reached his best, and done most to reverse the Fall. It is among those who have most bravely taken the second Adam for their example that this primal image is most nearly restored. We see it in such books as the *Imitation*, and the *Confessions* of St. Augustine. We see it in the old pictures of the saints, where the venerable and the strong, the gracious and the lovely, the meek and the winning, are so subtly blended by the pencil of an Angelico or a Perugino. We see it within many a modern cloister. It has its place, to the discerning eye, among the evidences of religion.

In the North the world now finds it more difficult than in the South to appreciate such a character as St. Gertrude's. If it is sceptical as to visions and raptures, still more is it scandalised by austerities and mortification. The temperament of the South tends too generally to pleasure: but the great natures of the South, perhaps for that reason, renounce the senses with a loftier strength. They throw themselves frankly on asceticism; leaving beneath them all that is soft, like the Italian mountains which frown from their marble ridges over the valleys of oranges and lemons. The same ardour which so often leads astray, ministers, when it chooses the soul for its residence, to great deeds, as fire does to the labours of material science. In the North, including the land of St. Gertrude, many of the virtues are themselves out of sympathy with the highest virtue. Men can there admire strength and industry; but they too often believe in no strength that is not visible, no industry that is not material. Mortification is to them unintelligible. Action they can admire; in suffering they see but a sad necessity, like the old Greeks, to whom all pain was an intrusion and a scandal.

Christianity first revealed the might of Endurance. It was not the triumph over Satan at the Temptation that restored man's race;

though Milton, not without a deep, unintended significance, selected that victory as the subject of his *Paradise Regained*. It was not preaching, nor miracle, but Calvary. Externally, endurance is passive; internally it is the highest form of action,—the action in which there is no self-will, the energy that is one with humility. The moment the Church began to live she began to endure. The Apostles became ascetics, “keeping the body under,” and proclaiming that between spirit and flesh, between watching and sloth, between fast and feast, there was not peace but war. While the fiery penance of persecution lasted, it was easy to “have all things as though one had nothing.” There was then always a barrier against which virtue might push in its ceaseless desire to advance, and to discipline her strength by trial. When the three centuries of trial were over, monasticism rose. In it again was found a place for mortification—for that detachment which is attachment to God, and that exercise which makes Christians athletes. There silence matured Divine love, and stillness generated strength. There was found the might of a spiritual Motive; and a fulcrum was thus supplied like that by which Archimedes boasted that his lever could move the world.

It is difficult to contemplate such a character as that of St. Gertrude without straying from her to a kindred subject—that wonderful monastic life, with its rapturous visions and its as constant mortifications—to which we owe such characters. Without the cloister we should have had no Gertrudes; and without the mortification of the cloister, the ceaseless chaunt and the incense would have degenerated into spiritual luxuries. It is time for us to return, and ask a practical question: What was this St. Gertrude, who found so fair a place among the wonders of the thirteenth century, and whom in the nineteenth so few hear of or understand? What was she even at the lowest, and such as the uninitiated might recognise? She was a being for whom nature had done all that nature could do. She was a noble-minded woman, pure at once and passionate, more queenly and more truly at home in the poverty of her convent than she could have been in her father's palace. Secondly, she was a woman of extraordinary genius and force of character. Thirdly, she was one who, the child of an age when the dialectics of old Greece were laid on the altar of Revealed Truth, dwelt habitually in that region of thought which, in the days of antiquity, was inhabited by none, and occasionally approached but by the most aspiring votaries of the Platonic philosophy. This was the human instrumentality which Sovereign Grace took to itself, as the musician selects some fair-grained tree out of which to shape his lyre. There was in her no contradictory past to retrieve. Without a jar, and

almost without consciousness, she passed with a movement of swan-like softness out of innocence into holiness. Some have fought their way to goodness, as others have to earthly greatness, and won the crown, though not without many a scar. But she was "born in the purple," and all her thoughts and feelings had ever walked with princely dignity and vestal grace, as in the court of the Great King. Her path was arduous; but it stretched from good to better, not from bad to good. She did not graduate in the garden of Epicurus, nor amid the groves of Academus, nor amid the revel of that Greek society, in which the glitter of the highest intelligence played above the rottenness of the most corrupt life. She had always lived by faith. The spiritual world had been hers before the natural one, and had interpreted it. Man's supernatural end had ever for her presented the clue to his destinies, and revealed the meaning of his earthly affections. Among these last she had made no sojourn. She had prolonged not the time, but done on earth what all aspire to do in heaven: she had risen above human ties, in order to possess them in their largest manifestations. The Faith affirmed that we are to have all things in God, and in God she resolved to have them. Her heart rose as by a heavenward gravitation to the centre of all love. A creature, and knowing herself to be no more, her aspiration was to belong wholly to her Creator. To her the Incarnation meant the union of the human race, and of the human soul, with God. Her Devotions are the endless love-songs of this high bridal. They passed from her heart spontaneously, like the song of the bird; and they remain forever the triumphant hymeneal chaunt of a clear, loving, intellectual spirit, which had renounced all things for Him, and had found all things in Him for whom all spirits are made.

Travelling in the East.

WHAT the "grand tour" of our forefathers was to fashionable young men before, and for many years after, our long war with France, the Eastern trip has become of late years. Without the regular round of Malta, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and the Holy Land, the youth of good family or good means is not considered to bring his educational course to perfection. So much so is this the case, that there are certain seasons of the year when at Jerusalem, Damascus, Beyrout, or Jaffa, the English language is almost as much spoken as it is in Pall Mall or Hyde Park. That the rising generation of senators, lawyers, country gentlemen, and members of parliament, must derive benefit from this tour there can be little doubt. Travelling, no matter how performed, must to some extent expand the mind. The objectionable part of what may be called the regulation Oriental trip is its sameness,—by which I mean that every party of travellers follows the preceding party, just as one soldier does another in the ranks, or as the string of people at the door of a French theatre move forward by each one stepping where the person in front last stood. Thus, when young Lord A, the Honourable Mr. B, and Sir Henry C, have between them engaged as travelling tutor the Reverend Mr. D, they invariably proceed whenever their party is ready, *viâ* Dover, Calais, Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, and Malta, to Alexandria. They don't tarry long in that city of Anglo-Indian travellers, sore-eyed inhabitants, saddle-donkeys, Levantine Italians, Greek merchants, and consuls-general of all nations. The day after landing in Egypt generally sees them at Cairo, which they reach by rail in a few hours. In that by far the most Oriental city in the East—except, perhaps, Damascus—they engage a dragoman, and make their preparations for the boat-trip up the Nile. The dragoman is either a Maltese, a Syrian, or an Alexandrian-Italian. He talks Arabic, Turkish, Greek, Italian, French, and English, equally fluently and equally badly; but as times go, and considering the opportunities he has to cheat his temporary masters, he certainly cannot be called dishonest. His engagement with the travelling party partakes more of the nature of a contract than of services given for wages paid. He undertakes for a certain sum per head to convey the party over their two or three months' journey, and

to "see them through it" in every possible way. The terms and stipulations are regularly drawn up in writing, and a duplicate copy deposited with the English Vice-Consul at Cairo, or wherever the contract may have been made. In this document the dragoman binds himself to provide tents, horses, good food—consisting of so many meals, and each meal of such and such articles—hotel accommodation when possible, and all that the travellers can possibly want during their Eastern trip. The prices he charges range from fifteen shillings to two and even three pounds a-head each day, according to the number of the party and their various requirements. If the travellers amount to six or seven, and will put up with a few hardships—or rather the want of a few luxuries—in parts where the carriage of luggage is difficult and expensive, the dragoman will probably undertake to find them in every thing for about thirteen or fourteen shillings a-day; the word "every thing" meaning as good a horse of the country to ride as can be hired; a tent for the party to sleep, and another to dine in; three good meals, consisting of breakfast, with eggs, ham, cold meat, tea, bread, &c., before starting; a luncheon of cold meat, bread, wine of the country, and coffee, at the mid-day halt; and a dinner of soup, roast meat, fowls, &c., on arriving at night. This, with good camp-beds to sleep upon, and a sponge-bath in which to "tub" every morning, with carriage for a fair quantity of clothes, cannot be deemed dear at the price I have mentioned. Not but what much higher rates are asked and given. I remember meeting at Damascus a dignitary of the English Church, who had just come across the desert from Jerusalem, and who paid his dragoman at the rate of five pounds a-head for himself, wife, child, nursemaid, and English man-servant—twenty-five pounds a-day. But the party had its luxuries in proportion to the price paid. "Even coming through the desert, sir," said the reverend gentleman to me, "my wife had a tepid bath every morning, the baby a warm bath every morning and evening, whilst I never wanted for my cold tub." Now, considering that all the water for these ablutions had to be carried on camels, most of it for upwards of a hundred miles, it was no wonder that the dean or archdeacon—I forget which—had to pay pretty highly for his cleanliness, which, although it is certainly next unto godliness, need not be indulged in at such a fearful price. I never shall forget this clergyman and his party. He evidently was a most worthy man, had been long a fellow of his college—so he told me—and had married late in life. In all that regards the antiquities of the East whether sacred or profane, he was quite at home; but of modern habits or customs, out of England, he could make nothing whatever. Most travellers in the East, if alone, or if only

accompanied by wife, brother, or intimate friend, make one tent serve for every purpose; and even when half-a-dozen are together, a dining and a sleeping tent are considered enough. Not so the gentleman of whom I speak. His camp consisted of no less than seven tents, besides the usual little cooking tent in which the dinner is prepared. One of these served himself, wife, and child, as bedroom; in another they dined; a third was their sitting-room; a fourth the head of the family used as his dressing-room; whilst not only had the nurse and valet each a tent to sleep in, but they had between them a third in which to dine and sit. No wonder if the very reverend had to pay his dragoman a hundred pounds every four days; for if a man is mad enough to bring babies, nurses, and English valets into the desert, he ought to be rich enough to pay for his folly.

But I have digressed most shamefully. The anecdote of this traveller I relate merely to show what a man *may* pay his dragoman in the East if he be so inclined. This is the highest charge I ever knew made for any journey in Syria, Palestine, or the Holy Land; and the cheapest I ever heard of was one made by a party—of which I made one—in the spring, after the civil war of 1860. We were four in number—namely, a French officer, belonging to the French Expeditionary Army, then in Syria; a French missionary priest; the Special Correspondent of a London paper; and the present writer. We agreed to take no dragoman with us, but to leave the management of every thing in the hands of the priest, who had been many years in the country, and spoke the language like a native. We hired a native cook, and had also with us the soldier-servant of the French officer, who turned his hand to any thing; a Maltese, who was in my own service; and a native lay brother, who belonged to the same religious establishment as the missionary. We started from Beyrout, and took the coast road to Sidon, where we put up for the night with the Spanish Franciscan fathers—*I padri di Terra Santa*, as this order is called in the East. From Sidon we went on to Tyre, from Tyre to St. Jean d'Acre, and so to Mount Carmel, where we halted three days at the famous convent. Thence we went by easy stages to Nazareth, Cæsarea, Cana of Galilee, on to Jerusalem; always putting up when we could in convents, and carrying no tents with us. From Jerusalem we made the usual excursions to visit Bethlehem and the river Jordan. After nearly a fortnight's sojourn in the Holy City, we returned to the coast *vid* Nablous, and from Tyre took the road by what is called the natural bridge to Baalbec, and thence over into Lebanon to the Cedars, returning by the coast road from Tripoli to Beyrout. When we got

back to the latter town, we had been absent from the place about forty days; and when we came to make up our accounts, each person's share amounted to a trifle less than two thousand piastres, or sixteen pounds sterling; and for this sum we had seen all that was best worth visiting in Palestine, the Holy Land, Syria, and Mount Lebanon, and had enjoyed ourselves most thoroughly.

As I said before, this was the cheapest, as that of the English clergyman's was the dearest, journey I ever knew to be made in the East. It is true that we had particular advantages. Our caterer—he is still alive, and on the mission in Mount Lebanon, where he has laboured for some twenty years—(I only hope he will meet with this Number of *The Month*, and remember the pleasant days we spent together both on this and in other trips in the East)—spoke Arabic as few Europeans do, and was acquainted with the country we had to pass through as well as any reader of this periodical knows the way from his dwelling-house to his club. Moreover, we not only had no dragoman, whose duty and pleasure it would have been to make a profit out of us, but our worthy leader was exceedingly economical; and although we lived well *en route*, we had no foolish luxuries. Then again, by living at the various Latin or native convents we came across, we not only saved a considerable sum in carrying provisions, but also were able to dispense with tents, tables, iron beds, cooking-pots, and other heavy articles necessary to the comfort of those who sojourn under canvas. If we could not meet with a convent, we asked our way to the house of either the priest of the village or one of the chief inhabitants. In Palestine and Syria hospitality is considered a sacred duty; and therefore you are rather conferring a favour on your entertainer than he on you when you take up your abode at his house. If he, or if—as in the case of a convent—the community is poor, you desire your servant to purchase the meat, eggs, vegetables, and whatever you require for your evening meal. But if you put up at the house of a rich man or wealthy convent, your host provides every thing. At a private house it is customary to give a present to the servants before leaving; in a convent you generally present the Superior with something for the church. In neither case is a present asked for, nor if you don't give it is any thing said; but such is the usual custom; for it would be impossible for any community to entertain every traveller that passes through the place and receive nothing in return by way of payment. On the journey I have mentioned, we lived at the Convent *di Terra Santa* in Jerusalem ten days, and at Mount Carmel three; and as our party consisted of four persons, besides three private servants and two mule-drivers, it would have

been a very considerable tax upon these convents if we had been entertained gratis, more particularly as the house where you lodge invariably finds barley for your horses and mules. The rule we made was to give from one to two napoleons a-night for the feeding and lodging of ourselves, our servants, and our horses and mules; and these two pieces of gold the worthy monks used to look upon as an almost royal present.

The great difference of travelling in the East with or without a dragoman is, that whereas in the former case you are very much the servant of your servant, in the latter you are your own master, and can come and go and do as you like. But for strangers in the land, who know nothing of the language or the country, and whose time is probably limited, it is impossible to do altogether without some person to guide them. What I recommend is, to engage a dragoman, but not to leave him to fix the day or hour at which you will arrive at or depart from any place. English travellers in the East seem all bitten with the mania of punctuality for the time they are in the country. They would forego the pleasure of visiting Palmyra, Baalbec, Jerusalem, Mount Lebanon, Bethlehem, or Nazareth, rather than miss this or that steamer which arrives and departs on a certain day at a given hour. I remember an English peer, a man with plenty of means and nothing to do but amuse himself, who threw over the sheik who had promised to escort him from Damascus to Palmyra, and to whom he had paid an advance of fifty pounds, which he of course lost—rather than not be at Beyrout on a certain day, when his yacht was due at that port from Malta. In fact, just as the great majority of American travellers seem to visit Palestine for the purpose of discovering where the holy sites are *not*, so almost every English party in that land appear to be going through it as if for a wager against time. During the eight years I lived in the East, I hardly ever met an American who did not hold as almost an article of faith, that our Lord was not crucified where He is said to have suffered; or that the Mount of Olives of the gospel was not that of the present day; or that the Holy Sepulchre ought to be in some other spot than where it is; or that the ancient and modern Capernaum are different places; or that the Holy Grotto at Nazareth—where on the marble pavement is inscribed (as marking the spot where Our Lady stood during the Annunciation), *VERBUM CARO FACTUM EST*—is not a complete take-in. Our cousins are not unbelievers in religion, but they are in places; or rather they seem always impressed with a morbid anxiety to prove that this, that, or the other spot should be somewhere else than where it now is. So with English travellers in the East,—their besetting sin is hurry.

They hurry from one place to another, and seem to forget entirely the trouble and expense they have been at to reach the spot, as well as the fact that they will, in all probability, never see the land again. I remember once going with an old friend, who came out to visit the East, to see the famous Cedar Grove of Mount Lebanon. I made him leave his dragoman at Beyrout; and we took three days to go by easy stages *vid* Baalbec to the Cedars, at which we arrived on a Saturday. We had brought a tent with us, and I wanted my friend very much to pitch it and remain over the Sunday under the magnificent shade of those ancient trees. Previous to reaching the Cedars, we had slept the night at the Convent of Dimas, where the Patriarch of the Maronites spends his summer months. I knew the Patriarch very well; and he was kind enough to offer, as there is no village near the Cedars, to send out for us bread, meat, wine, and whatever we required for the day's halt. But my companion looked upon me as a maniac for making the proposition. He did not want to be particularly at any given place, and we had forty-eight hours before us ere the French steamer was due at Tripoli,* the nearest seaport town. But he wanted to be moving—he cared not where, so long as he had not to remain quiet; and therefore, instead of passing a cool day and night on the mountain, we passed a most distressingly hot time on the plain and in the town of Tripoli.

Now, in my humble opinion, it is just this mode of hurrying through the East that destroys all the pleasure of travelling in those lands. Engage your dragoman at Cairo, as I said that English travellers generally do. Get a boat ready for your Nile trip; and in it hurry to the Second Cataract. Come back to Cairo; go over the desert to Jerusalem; push on to Damascus; rush over Lebanon to Beyrout; pay a flying visit to the Cedars; embark for Constantinople, and thence by steamer, train, and steamer, by Kustenjie, the Danube, and Vienna, back to England; and what will you have seen? The East? You will have glanced at the outside of the most interesting countries in the world; but you will have gained no knowledge of the inhabitants, nor will you be able so much as say how or in what way the government of those lands is carried on, or what part they may be expected to play in the future rôles of this world.

And it is wonderful to hear what astounding blunders many men who believe that they have "travelled over the East" make when they come home. No longer ago than last spring, a gentleman, who had just "done" Palestine and the Holy Land, asserted at a dinner-

* Tripoli at the northern foot of Lebanon, on the Syrian coast; not Tripoli in Barbary.

table at which I was present, that the inhabitants of Mount Lebanon were all Moslems; whereas, out of a population of nearly four hundred thousand souls in that region, there are not above three thousand followers of the Prophet; and these inhabit exclusively some three villages, which are situated close to each other, on the eastern slope of the mountain. All the rest of the inhabitants of Lebanon are either Christians or Druses, the proportion being about four of the former to one of the latter. Upon my venturing to differ with this individual, he declared that he was quite sure he was right, for he had passed a whole day in the mountain. Now, considering that Lebanon extends about a hundred miles long by thirty wide, that the villages and towns on it are greatly scattered, and that this traveller had never visited the Moslem villages, I thought his argument somewhat amusing, the more so as in no part of Lebanon can the eye wander for a minute without beholding Christian churches. Even when he learned that I had lived not one day, but eight years, on and near the mountain, he did not allow himself to be in the wrong, but kept declaring that he had seen no Christians or Druses during his short sojourn in Lebanon. Another, and perhaps a more absurd mistake was one which I heard made by a lady, who had also just returned from Syria, and which she gravely told a friend in my hearing—namely, that in Palestine, the Holy Land, and the adjacent countries, not only the native Christians but many of the resident Europeans were polygamists. Knowing not only how utterly absurd was this assertion, but that the native Christians of these lands might set us here in moral England an example in chastity of life, particularly amongst the lower orders of our large towns, I ventured to ask this lady on what she based this assertion. To this she replied, that nothing was more common than to hear the native Christians talk of their "*hareem*" in the most unblushing manner, and she had more than once heard resident Europeans using the same word. It was in vain that I assured her that the Arabic word "*hareem*" signified household, or rather all that belongs to the lady of the house, her female servants, as well as her daughters and very young male children. I told her that I had used it a thousand times myself when speaking to any native respecting my wife and children; that it was the only word ever used in Arabic to designate what in English we should term the family; that in no instance that I remember was it ever used to indicate there being more than one wife in a family—polygamy being a custom which I assured her was utterly unknown amongst the Christians of the East, who in this particular sinned, perhaps, less than any other known people. But she would not be convinced. When we dropped the conversation, she was evidently

under the impression that either, for some reason or other, I wanted to conceal the faults of the people I had lived so long amongst, or else that I was an impostor, and had never lived in Syria at all. But perhaps the most absurd blunders made by those who have rushed through Palestine and Syria are those concerning the religion of the people. I have heard travellers who ought to have known better gravely assert, among other things, that whereas in the East there are several different sects of Christians, Rome has sent out scores of missionaries to convert them to Popery; and that unless they abjure their own tenets and cling to those of their new teachers, the latter will neither instruct their children in the schools, nor, through influence with the European Consuls, allow them to establish schools for themselves; so that they have the choice given them of letting their children remain uneducated, or else become "perverts to Popery." It is astonishing how universal throughout the world is the rule that those who are the most ignorant are invariably the most arrogant in their ignorance and loudest in their assertions. It is in vain that I have repeatedly endeavoured to point out how the great majority of the Eastern sects are in full communion with Rome, although they maintain, by permission of the Holy See, their own various rituals, customs, church ornaments and vestments. Thus the Greek Catholics, who form the most wealthy, most influential, and the best-educated Christian sect in Syria, retain all the customs of the local Greek Church, from which they separated two hundred years ago, in order to acknowledge the supremacy of the See of Peter. Thus the language of their ritual is the vernacular Arabic of the country; they administer the Holy Communion in both kinds to the laity; their rites, ceremonies (and, until very lately, their calendar) are the same as in the Greek Church; and amongst the parish clergy, not the bishops nor the monks, they admit to holy orders a man that is married, only—as with the Greek Church, no individual can marry after he has been ordained. It is only in the *filioque* question, as it is called—that is, in asserting that the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father *and* the Son, and not from the Father only, as the Greek Church does—in acknowledging the supremacy of the Pope over all other bishops, and submitting to Rome in matters of faith—it is only, I say, in these two questions that the Greek Catholics differ from the Greek Church. The same may be said of the Catholic Armenians, the Catholic Syrians, the Copts, the Maronites, and the Chaldeans. Each of these sects differs from the other, as each does from Rome, in ritual, customs, language of the liturgy, and other non-essential matters. But all unite in acknowledging the supremacy of the Mother of all the Churches, all hold in

common the various creeds which Rome has from time to time put forth as the test of Catholicity; and priests of all these various sects—including what the Easterns call the Latin, and Englishmen the Roman Church—can and do administer in each other's churches, when they happen to have none of their own. Thus, if a Catholic Armenian priest finds himself in a village where there is a Maronite church, but none belonging to his own ritual, he would at once be admitted to celebrate the sacred rites according to his own form. And the same with the various other churches. The European Catholic priests who go out to Palestine go as teachers of the young, as educators of the priesthood, and as joint guardians of the sacred places; they never dream of "converting" the Eastern sects to the Roman communion—a church with which they are already in full communion.

But to make the vast majority of Englishmen who have travelled in these countries see this, is almost an impossibility. Not a month ago, a lady—an excellent well-intentioned woman, for whom I have the greatest respect—asked me for a subscription in order to defray the expenses of translating an English tract, called *The Dairyman's Daughter*, into Armeno-Turkish, which she said had been the means of converting many Armenians from the errors of their faith. I declined, with courtesy, to spend money for such a purpose. I thought this lady must have been imposed upon by some quasi-Oriental adventurer, and told her so as kindly as I could. But, to my astonishment, she verified what she had told me "in a print book," as the old Scotchwoman said; for at page 10 of the Tenth Annual Report of the Turkish Mission Aid Society, I found it stated that *The Dairyman's Daughter* had been translated into Armeno-Turkish; that it had been the means of "awakening" two Armenian priests; and through their labours, and those of their converts, "a flourishing church was established, a large congregation has been gathered, light is now rapidly spreading in all the region (of Nicomedia), and a Home Mission has been formed to carry the Gospel to the towns and villages around." Truly *The Dairyman's Daughter* must be a wonderful tract. I wish some few copies of it could be distributed in certain regions of London.

Travellers who really intend to see Syria, the Holy Land, and Palestine, should land at Beyrout, and, unless they have plenty of time at command, should not go to Egypt at all. To see the valley of the Nile and the Land of Promise is full work for two tours. If you try to take in the two together, you will simply spoil both. Go *vid* Marseilles and Malta to Beyrout, which is an excellent place from which to make many trips and excursions. To any

one who takes an interest in the birthplace and cradle of Christianity, there can be no region more interesting than Lebanon, the "coasts of Tyre and Sidon," and all the country round about. Supposing that he has the time, the traveller ought to make Beyrout his headquarters for the winter, and Lebanon for the summer months. But as unfortunately many of those who visit the Holy Land are greatly hurried in their journey, and have little time to remain there, it is necessary for them to get through their work in a short space of time. For such, therefore, I will endeavour to organise a trip from Beyrout to some part of Mount Lebanon, where they can spend a few days amongst the cool breezes of the mountain, and then return to the plains.

Falling Stars.

FROM THE GERMAN.

— o —

Oh, know'st thou what betideth
When from the heavens afar,
Like fiery arrow, glideth
An earthward-falling star?

Yon glorious myriads, streaming
Their quiet influence down,
Are little Angels gleaming
Like jewels in a crown.

Untiring, never sleeping,
God's sentinels they stand;
Where sounds of joy and weeping
Rise up on every hand.

If darkling here and dreary,
One patient cheek grow pale;
If in the conflict weary
One trusting spirit fail;

If to the Throne ascendeth
One supplicating cry,—
Then heavenly mercy sendeth
An Angel from on high.

Soft to the chamber stealing,
It beams in radiance mild,
And rocks each troubled feeling
To slumber like a child.

This, this is what betideth
When from the heavens afar,
Like fiery arrow, glideth
An earthward-falling star.

Constance Sherwood.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE deep clear azure of the French sky, the lightsome pure air, the quaint houses, and outlandish dresses of the people in Calais; the sound of a foreign tongue understood, but not familiar, for a brief time distracted my mind from painful themes. Basil led me to the church for to give thanks to God for His mercies to us, and mostly did it seem strange to me to enter an edifice in which He is worshipped in a Catholic manner, which yet hath the form and appearance of a church, and resembles not the concealed chambers in our country wherein Mass is said: an open visible house for the King of kings, not a hiding-place, as in England. After we had prayed there a short time, Basil put into a box at the entrance the money which Lord Arundel had designed for the poor. A pale thin man stood at the door, which, when we passed, said, "God bless you!" Basil looked earnestly at him, and then exclaimed, "As I live, Mr. Watson!" "Yea," the good man answered; "the same, or rather the shadow of the same, risen at the last from the bed of sickness. G Mr. Rookwood, I am glad to see you!" "And so am I to meet with you, Mr. Watson," Basil answered; and then told this dear friend who I was, and the sad hap of Lord Arundel, which moved in him a great concern for that young nobleman and his excellent lady. Many tokens of regard and interchange of information passed between us. He showed us where he lived, in a small cottage near unto the ramparts; and nothing would serve him but to gather for me in the garden a nosegay of early flowrets which just had raised their heads above the sod. He said Dr. Allen had sent him money in his sickness, and an English lady married to a French gentleman provided for his wants. "Ah! that was the good madame I told you of," Basil cried, turning to me: "who would have harboured" Then he stopped short; but Mr. Watson had caught his meaning, and with tears in his eyes said: "Fear not to speak of her whose death bought my life, and it may be also my soul's safety. For, God knoweth, the thought of her doth never forsake me so much as for one hour;" and thereupon we parted with much kindness on

both sides. That night we lay at a small hostelry in the town; and the next morning hired a cart with one horse, which carried us to Boulogne in one day, and thence to this village where we have lived since for many years in great peace, I thank God, and very much contentment of mind, and no regrets save such as do arise in the hearts of exiles without hope of return to a beloved native country.

The awaiting of tidings from England, which were long delayed, was at the first a very sore trial, and those which reached us at last yet more grievous than that suspense. Lord Arundel committed to the Tower; his brother the Lord William and his sister the Lady Margaret not long after arrested, which was more grief to him, his lady wrote to me, than all his own troubles and imprisonment. But, O my God! how well did that beginning match with what was to follow! Those ten years which were spent amidst so many sufferings of all sorts by these two noble persons, that the recital of them would move to pity the most strong heart.

Mine own sorrows, leastways all sharp ones, ended with my passage into France. If Basil showed himself a worthy lover, he hath proved a yet better husband. His nature doth so delight in doing good, that it wins him the love of all our neighbours. His life is a constant exercise of charity. He is most indulgent to his wife and kind to his children, of which it hath pleased God to give him three—one boy and two girls, of as comely visages and commendable dispositions as can reasonably be desired. He hath a most singular affection for all such as do suffer for their religion, and cherishes them with an extraordinary bounty to the limits of his ability; his house being a common resort for all banished Catholics which land at Boulogne, from whence he doth direct them to such persons as can assist them in their need. His love towards my unworthy self hath never decreased. Methinks it rather doth increase as we advance in years. We have ever been actuated as by one soul; and never have any two wills agreed so well as Basil's and mine in all aims in this world and hopes for the next. If any, in the reading of this history, have only cared for mine own haps, I pray them to end their perusal of it here; but if, even as my heart hath been linked from early years with Lady Arundel's, there be any in which my poor writing hath awakened somewhat of that esteem for her virtues and resentment of her sorrows which hath grown in me from long experience of her singular worth; if the noble atonement for youthful offences and follies already shown in her lord's return to his duty to her, and altered behaviour in respect to God, hath also moved them to desire a further knowledge of the manner in which these two exalted souls were advanced by long affliction to a high point of perfection,—then

to such the following pages shall not be wholly devoid of that interest which the true recital of great misfortune doth habitually carry with it. If none other had written the life of that noble lady, methinks I must have essayed to do it; but having heard that a good clergyman hath taken this task in hand, secretly preparing materials whilst she yet lives wherewith to build her a memorial at a future time, I have restrained myself to setting down what, by means of her own writing or the reports of others, hath reached my knowledge concerning the ten years which followed my last parting with her. This was the first letter I received from this afflicted lady after her lord's arrest:

"O MY DEAR FRIEND,—What days these have proved! Believe me, I never looked for a favourable issue of this enterprise. When I first had notice thereof, a notable chill fell on my soul, which never warmed again with hope. When I began to pray after hearing of it, I had what methinks the holy Juliana of Norwich (whose cell we did once visit together, as I doubt not thou dost remember) would have called a foreshowing, or, as others do express it, a presentiment of coming evil. But how soon the effect followed! I had retired to rest at nine of the clock; and before I was undressed Bertha came in with a most downcast countenance. 'What news is there?' I quickly asked, misdoubting some misfortune had happened. Then she began to weep. 'Is my lord taken?' I cried, 'or worse befallen him?' 'He is taken,' she answered, 'and is now being carried to London for to be committed to the Tower. Master Ralph, the port-master, hath brought the news. A man, an hour ago, had reported as much in the town; but Mr. Fawcett would not suffer your ladyship to be told of it before a greater certainty thereof should appear. O woe be the day my lord ever embarked!' Then I heard sounds of wailing and weeping in the gallery; and opening the door, found Bessy's nurse and some other of the servants lamenting in an uncontrolled fashion. I could not shed one tear, but gave orders they should fetch unto me the man which had brought the tidings. From him I heard more fully what had happened; and then, in the same composed manner, desired my coach and horses for to be made ready to take me to London the next day at daybreak, and dismissed everybody, not suffering so much as one woman to sit up with me. When all had retired, I put on my cloak and hood; and listing first if all was quiet, went by the secret passage to the chapel-room. When I got there, Father Southwell was in it, saying his office. When he saw me enter at that unusual hour, methinks the truth was made known to him at once; for he only took me by the

hand, and said: 'My child, this would be too hard to bear if it were not God's sweet will; but being so, what remaineth but to lie still under a Father's merciful infliction?' and then he took out the crucifix, which for safety was locked up, and set it on the altar. 'That shall speak to you better than I can,' he said; and verily it did; for at the sight of my dying Saviour I wept. The whole night was spent in devout exercises. At dawn of day Father Southwell said Mass, and I received. Then, before any one was astir, I returned to mine own chamber, and lying down for a few moments, afterwards rung the bell, and ordered horses to be procured for to travel to London, whence I write these lines. I have here heard this report of my dear lord's journey from one which conversed with Sir George Carey, who commanded the guard which conducted him, that he was nothing at all daunted with so unexpected a misfortune, and not only did endure it with great patience and courage, but, moreover, carried it with a joyful and merry countenance. One night in the way he lodged at Guildford, where seeing the master of the inn who sometime was our servant, and who hath written it to one of my women, his sister,) and some others who wished well unto him, weeping and sorrowing for his misfortunes, he comforted them all, and willed them to be of good cheer, because it was not for any crime—treason or the like—he was apprehended, but only for attempting to leave the kingdom, the which he had done only for his own safety. He is soon to be examined by some of the council sent to the Tower for this special purpose by the Queen. I have sought to obtain access to him, but been flatly refused, and a hint ministered to me that albeit my residence at Arundel House is tolerated at the present, if the Queen should come to stay at Somerset House, which she is soon like to do, my departure hence shall be enforced; but while I remain I would fain do some good to persons afflicted as myself. I pray you, my good Constance, when you find some means to despatch me a letter, therewith to send the names and addresses of some of the poor folks Muriel was wont to visit; for I am of opinion grief should not make us selfish, but rather move us to relieve in others the pains of which we feel the sharp edge ourselves. I have already met by accident with many necessitous persons, and they do begin in great numbers to resort to this house. God knoweth if the means to relieve them will not be soon lacking. But to make hay whilst the sun shines is a wise saying, and in some instances a precept. Alas! the sunshine of joy is already obscured for me. Except for these poor pensioners, that of fortune causeth me small concern.—Thy loving friend,

" A. A. AND S.

"Will and Meg are at present in separate prisons. It is impossible but that she shall be presently released; for against her nothing can be alleged, so much as to give a pretence for an accusation. My lord and Will's joint letter to Dr. Allen, sent by Mr. Brydges—who out of confidence mentioned it to Mr. Gifford, a pretended priest, who lives at Paris, and is now discovered to be a spy—is the ground of the charges against them. How utterly unfounded thou well knowest; but so much as to write to Dr. Allen is now a crime, howsoever innocent the matter of such a correspondence should be. I do fear that in one of his letters—but I wot not if of this they have possession—my lord, who had just heard that the Earl of Leicester had openly vowed to make the name of Catholic as odious in England as the name of Turk, did say, in manner of a jest, that if some lawful means might be found to take away this earl, it would be a great good for Catholics in England; which careless sentence may be twisted by his enemies to his disadvantage."

Some time afterwards a person passing from London to Rheims, brought me this second letter from her ladyship, written at Rumford in Essex.

"What I had been warned of verily hath happened. Upon the Queen's coming to London last month, it was signified to me I should leave it. Now that Father Southwell hath been removed from Arundel Castle, and no priest at this time can live in it, I did not choose to be delivered there, without the benefit of spiritual assistance in case of danger of death, and so hired a house in this town, at a short distance of which a recusant gentleman doth keep one in his house. I came away from London without obtaining leave so much as once to see my dear husband, or to send him a letter or message, or receive one from him. But this I have learnt, that he cannot speak with any person whatsoever but in the presence and hearing of his keeper or the Lieutenant of the Tower, and that the room in which he is locked up has no sight of the sun for the greatest part of the year; so that if not changed before the winter cometh it shall prove very unwholesome; and moreover the noisomeness thereof caused by a vault that is under it is so great that the keeper can scarce endure to enter into it, much less to stay there any time. Alas! what ravages shall this treatment cause on a frame of great niceness and delicate habits I leave you to judge. By this time he hath been examined twice, and albeit forged letters were produced, the falsity of which the council were forced to admit, and he was charged with nothing which could be substantiated, except leaving the realm without license of the Queen, and being reconciled to

the Church of Rome, his sentence is yet deferred, and his imprisonment as strict as ever. I pray God it may not be deferred till his health is utterly destroyed, which I doubt not is what his enemies would most desire.

"Last evening I had the exceeding great comfort of the coming hither of mine own dear good Meg, who hath been some time released from prison, with many vexatious restraints, howsoever, still laid upon her. Albeit very much advanced in her pregnancy, nothing would serve her when she had leave to quit London but to do me this good. This is the first taste of joy I have had since my lord's commitment. In her face I behold his; when she speaks, I hear him. No talk is ministered between us but of that beloved husband and brother; our common prayers are put up for him. She hath spied his spies for to discover all which relates to him, and hath found means to convey to him—I thank God for it—some books of devotion, which he greatly needed. She is yet a-bed this morning, for we sat up late yester-eve, so sweet, albeit sad, was the converse we held after so many common sufferings. But methinks I grudge her these hours of sleep, longing for to hear again those loved accents which mind me of my dear Phil.

"My pen had hardly traced those last words when a messenger arrived from the council with an express command to Margaret from her majesty not to stay with me another night, but forthwith to return to London. The surprise and fear which this message occasioned hastened the event which should have yet been delayed some weeks. A few hours after (I thank God, in safety) a fair son was born; but in the mother's heart and mine apprehension dispelled joy, lest enforced disobedience should produce fresh troubles. Howsoever, she recovered quickly; and as soon as she could be removed I lost her sweet company.—Thine affectionate friend to command,

"A. A. AND S."

Some time afterwards, one Mr. Dixon, a gentleman I had met once or twice in London, tarried a night at our house, and brought me the news that God had given the Countess of Arundel a son, which she had earnestly desired her husband should be informed of, but he heard it had been refused. Howsoever, when he was urgent with his keepers to let him know if she had been safely delivered, they gave him to understand she had another daughter; his enemies not being willing he should have so much contentment as the birth of a son should have yielded him.

"Doth the Queen," I asked of this gentleman, "then not mitigate her anger against these noble persons?"

"So far from it," he answered, "that when, at the beginning of this trouble, Lady Arundel went to Sir Francis Knowles for to seek by his means to obtain an audience from her majesty, in order to sue for her husband, he told her she would sooner release him at once—which, howsoever, she had no mind to do—than only once allow her to enter her presence. He then, her ladyship told me, rated her exceedingly, asking if she and her husband were not ashamed to make themselves papists, only out of spleen and peevish humour to cross and vex the Queen? She answered him in the same manner as her lord did one of his keepers, who told him very many in the kingdom were of opinion that he made show to be Catholic only out of policy; to whom he said, with great mildness, that God doth know the secrets of all hearts, but that he thought there was small policy for a man to lose his liberty, hazard his estate and life, and live in that manner in a prison as he then did."

A brief letter from Lady Tregony informed me soon after this, that after a third examination the court had fined Lord Arundel in 10,000*l.* unto the Queen, and adjudged him to imprisonment during her pleasure. What that pleasure proved ten years of unmitigated suffering and slow torture evinced; one of the most grievous of which was, that his lady could never obtain for to see him, albeit other prisoners' wives had easy access to them. This touching letter I had from her three years after he was imprisoned:

"*MINE OWN GOOD FRIEND*,—Life doth wear on, and relief of one sort leastways comes not; but God forbid I should repine. For such instances I see in the letters of my dear lord—which when some of his servants do leave the Tower, which, worn out as they soon become by sickness, they must needs to to preserve their lives—he findeth means to write to me or to Father Southwell, that I am ashamed to grieve overmuch at any thing which doth befall us—when his willingness and contentment to suffer are so great. As when he saith to that good father, 'For all crosses touching worldly matters, I thank God they trouble me not much, and much the less for your singular good counsel, which I beseech our Lord I may often remember;' and to me this dear husband writes thus: 'I beseech you, for the love of God, to comfort yourself whatsoever shall happen, and to be best pleased with that which shall please God best, and be His will to send. I find that there is some intent to do me no good, but indeed to do me the most good of all; but I am—and, thank God, doubt not but I shall be by His grace—ready to endure the worst which flesh and blood can do unto me.' O Constance, flesh and blood doth

sometimes rebel against the keen edge of suffering; but I pray you, my friend, how can I complain when I hear of this much, long dearly cherished husband ascending by steps the ladder of perfection, advancing from virtue to virtue as the Psalm saith, never uttering one unsubmitive word towards God, or one resentful one towards his worst enemies; making, in the most sublime manner, of necessity virtue, and turning his loathsome prison into a religious cell, wherein every exercise of devotion is duly practised, and his soul trained for heaven.

"The small pittance the Queen alloweth for his maintenance he so sparingly useth, that most of it doth pass into the hands of the poor or other more destitute prisoners than himself. But sickness and disease prey on his frame. And the picture of him my memory draweth is gradually more effaced in the living man, albeit vivid in mine own portraying of it.

"There is now a priest imprisoned in the Tower, not very far from the chamber wherein my lord is confined; one of the name of Bennet. My lord desired much to meet him, and speak with him for the comfort of his soul, and I have found means to bring it to effect by mediation of the lieutenant's daughter, to whom I have given thirty pounds for her endeavours in procuring it. And moreover she hath assisted in conveying into his chamber church-stuff and all things requisite for the saying of Mass, whereunto she tells me, to my indescribable comfort, he himself doth serve with great humility, and therein receives the blessed sacrament frequently. Sir Thomas Gerard, she saith, and Mr. Shelly, which are likewise prisoners at this time, she introduces secretly into his lodgings for to hear Mass and have speech with him. Alas! what should be a comfort to him, and so the greatest of joys to me, the exceeding peril of these times causeth me to look upon with apprehension; for these gentlemen, albeit well disposed, are not famed for so much wisdom and prudence as himself, in not saying or doing any thing which might be an occasion of danger to him; and the least lack of wariness, when there is so much discourse about the great Spanish fleet which is now in preparation, should prove like to be fatal. God send no worse hap befall us soon.

"In addition to these other troubles and fears, I am much molested by a melancholy vapour, which ascends to my head, and greatly troubles me since I was told upon a sudden of the unexpected death of Margaret Sackville, whom for her many great virtues and constant affection towards myself I did so highly esteem and affection."

From that time for a long while I had no direct news of Lady

Arundel; but report brought us woful tidings concerning her lord, who, after many private examinations, had been brought from the Tower to the King's Bench Court, in the Hall of Westminster, and there publicly arraigned on the charge of high treason, the grounds of which accusation being that he had prayed and procured others to make simultaneous prayer for twenty-four hours, and procured Mr. Bennet to say a mass of the Holy Ghost for the success of the Spanish fleet. Whereas the whole truth of this matter consisted in this, that when a report became current amongst the Catholics about London that a sudden massacre of them all was intended upon the first landing of the Spaniards, this coming to the earl's ear, he judged it necessary that all Catholics should betake themselves to prayer, either for the avoiding of the danger or for the better preparing themselves thereunto, and so persuaded those in the Tower to make prayer together for that end, and also sent to some others for the same purpose, whereof one of greater prudence and experience than the rest signified unto him that perhaps it might be otherwise interpreted by their enemies than he intended, wishing him to desist, as presently thereupon he did; but it was then too late. Some which he had trusted, either out of fear or fair promises, testified falsely against him—of which Mr. Bennet was one, who afterwards retracted with bitter anguish his testimony, in a letter to his lordship, which contained these words:—"With a fearful, guilty, unjust, and most tormented conscience, only for saving of my life and liberty, I said you moved me to say a Mass for the good success of the Spanish fleet. For which unjust confession, or rather accusation, I do again and again, and to my life's end must instantly crave God's pardon and yours; and for my better satisfaction of this my unjust admission, I will, if need require, offer up both life and limbs in averring my accusation to be, as it is indeed, and as I shall answer before God, angels, and men, most unjust, and only done out of fear of the Tower, torments, and death." Notwithstanding the earl's very stout and constant denial of the charge, and pleading the above letter of Mr. Bennet, retracting his false statement, he was condemned of high treason, and had sentence pronounced against him. But the execution was deferred, and finally the Queen resolved to spare his life, but yet by no means to release him. His estates, and likewise his lady's, were forfeited to the crown, and he at that time dealt with most unkindly, as the following letter will show:

"DEAR CONSTANCE,—At last I have found the means of sending a packet by a safe hand, which in these days, when men do so easily turn traitors—notable instances of which, to our exceeding pain and

trouble, have lately occurred—is no easy matter. I doubt not but thy fond affectionate heart hath followed with a sympathetic grief the anguish of mine during the time past, wherein my husband's life hath been in daily peril; and albeit he is now respited, yet, alas! as he saith himself, and useth the knowledge to the best purpose, he is but a doomed man; reprieved, not pardoned, spared, not released. Mine own troubles besides have been greater than can be thought of; by virtue of the forfeiture of my lord's estates and mine, my home hath been searched by justices, and no room, no corner, no trunk, or coffer left unopened and unransacked. I have often been brought before the council, and most severely examined. The Queen's officers and others in authority—to whom I am sometimes forced to sue for favour, or some mitigation of mine own or my lord's sufferings—do use me often very harshly, and reject my petitions with scorn and opprobrious language. All our goods are seized for the Queen. They have left me nothing but two or three beds, and these, they do say, but for a time. When business requires, I am forced to go on foot, and slenderly attended; my coach being taken from me. I have retained but two of my servants—my children's nurse being one. I have as yet no allowance, as is usual in such cases, for the maintenance of my family; so I am forced to pay them and buy victuals with the money made by the sale of mine own jewels; and I am sometimes forced to borrow and make hard shifts to procure necessary provisions and clothes for the children; but if I get eight pounds a-week, which the Queen hath been moved to allow me, then methinks I shall think myself no poorer than a Christian woman should be content to be; and I have promised Almighty God, if that good shall befall us, to bestow one hundred marks out of it yearly on the poor. I am often sent out of London by her majesty's commands, albeit some infirmities I do now suffer from force me to consult physicians there. Methinks when I am at Arundel House I am not wholly parted from my lord, albeit my humble petition by means of friends to see him is always denied. When I hear he is sick, mine anguish increases. The like favour is often granted to Lady Latimore and others whose husbands are at this time prisoners in the Tower, but I can never obtain it. The lieutenant's daughter, whom I do sometimes see, when she is in a conversible mood doth inform me of my dear husband's condition, and relates instances of his goodness and patience which wring and yet comfort mine heart. What think you of his never having been heard so much as once to complain of the loss of his goods or the incommodities of his prison; of his gentleness and humility where he is himself concerned; of his boldness in defending his religion and her ministers, which was

alike shown as well as his natural cheerfulness in a conversation she told me had passed between her father the lieutenant, and him, a few days ago? You have heard, I ween, that good Father Southwell was arrested some time back at Mr. Bellamy's house; it is reported by means of the poor unhappy soul his daughter, whom I met one day at the door of the prison, attired in a gaudy manner, and carrying herself in a bold fashion; but when she met mine eye here fell. Alas! poor soul, God help her and bring her to repentance. Well, now Father Southwell is in the Tower, my lord, by Miss Hopton's means, hath had once or twice speech with him, and doth often inquire of the lieutenant about him, which when he did so the other day, he used the words 'blessed father' in speaking of him. The lieutenant (she said) seemed to take exception thereat, saying, 'Term you him blessed father, being as he is an enemy to his country?' My lord answered: 'How can that be, seeing yourself hath told me heretofore that no fault could be laid unto him but his religion?' Then the lieutenant said: 'The last time I was in his cell, your dog, my lord, came in and licked his hand.' Then quoth my lord, patting his dog fondly: 'I love him the better for it.' 'Perhaps,' quoth the lieutenant, in a scoffing manner, 'it might be he came thither to have his blessing.' To which my lord replied, 'It is no new thing for animals to seek a blessing at the hands of holy men; St. Jerome writing how the lions which had digged St. Paul the hermit's grave stood waiting with their eyes upon St. Anthony expecting his blessing.'

"Is it not a strange trial, mine own Constance, and one which hath not befallen many women, to have a fondly-loved husband yet alive, and to be sometimes so near unto him that it should take but a few moments to cross the space which doth divide us, and yet never behold him; year after year passing away, and the heart waxing sick with delays? Howsoever, one sad firm hope I hold, which keepeth me somewhat careful of my health, lest I should be disabled when that time cometh—one on which I fix my mind with apprehension and desire to defer the approach thereof, yet pray one day to see it—yea, to live long enough for this, and then to die, if it shall please God. When mine own Philip is on his death-bed; when the slow consumptive disease which devoureth his vitals obtaineth its end; then, I ween, no woman upon earth, none that I ever heard of or could think of, can deny me to approach him and receive his last embrace. O that this should be my best comfort, mine only hope!"

I pass over many intervening letters from this afflicted lady which at distant intervals I received, in one of which she expressed her sorrow at the execution at Tyburn of her constant friend and

guide, Father Southwell, and likewise informed me of Mistress Wille's death in Newgate, and transcribe this one, written about six months afterwards, in which she relates the closing scene of her husband's life :

"MINE OWN DEAR CONSTANCE,—All is over now, and my over-charged heart casteth about for some alleviation in its excessive grief, which may be I shall find in imparting to one well acquainted with his virtues and my love for him what I have learnt touching the closing scenes of my dear lord's mortal life. For think not I have been so happy as to behold him again, or that he should die in my arms. No; that which was denied me for ten long years neither could his dying prayers obtain. For many months notice had been given unto me by his servants and others that his health was very fast declining. One gentleman particularly told me he himself believed his end to be near. His devout exercises were yet increased—the bent of his mind more and more directed solely towards God and heaven. In those times which were allotted to walking or other recreation, his discourse and conversation, either with his keeper or the lieutenant or his own servant, was either tending to piety or some kind of profitable discourse, most often of the happiness of those that suffer any thing for our Saviour's sake; to which purpose he had writ with his own hand upon the wall of his chamber this Latin sentence, '*Quanto plus afflictionis pro Christo in hoc sæculo, tanto plus gloriæ cum Christo in futuro;*' the which he used to show to his servants, inviting them, as well as himself, to suffer all with patience and alacrity.

"In the month of August tidings were brought unto me that, sitting at dinner, he had fallen so very ill immediately upon the eating of a roasted teal, that some did suspect him to be poisoned. I sent him some antidotes, and all the remedies I could procure; but all in vain. The disease had so possessed him that it could not be removed, but by little and little consumed his body so that he became like an anatomy, having nothing left but skin and bone. Much talk hath been ministered anent his being poisoned. Alas! my thinking is, and ever shall be, the slow poison he died of was lack of air, of sunshine, of kindness, of loving aid, of careful sympathy. When I heard his case was considered desperate, the old long hope, sustained for ten years, that out of the extremity of grief one hour of comfort should arise, woke up; but now I was advised not to stir in this matter myself, for it should only incense the Queen, who had always hated me; whereas my lord she once had liked, and it might be, when she heard he was dying, she should

relent. She had made a kind of promise to some of his friends that before his death his wife and children should come unto him; whereupon, conceiving that now his time in the world could not be long, he writ a humble letter to her petitioning the performance of her promise. The lieutenant of the Tower carried this letter, and delivered it with his own hands to the Queen, and brought him her answer by word of mouth. What think you, mine own Constance, was the answer she sent that dying man? God forgive her! Philip did; yea, and so do I—not fully at the time, now most fully. His crown should have been less glorious but for the heart-martyrdom she invented.

“This was her message: ‘That if he would but once go to the Protestant church, his request should not only be granted, but he should moreover be restored to his honour and estate with as much favour as she could show.’ O, what were estates and honours to that dying saint! what her favour to that departing soul! One offering, one sacrifice, one final withdrawing of affection’s thirsty and parched lips from the chalice of a supreme earthly consolation, and all was accomplished; the bitterness of death overpast. He gave thanks to the lieutenant for his pains; he said he could not accept her majesty’s offers upon that condition, and added withal that he was sorry he had but one life to lose in that cause. A very worthy gentleman who was present at this passage related it to me; and Lord Mountague I have also had it from, which heard the same from his father-in-law, my Lord Dorset. Constance, for a brief while a terrible tumult raged in my soul. Think what it was to know one so long, so passionately loved, dying nigh unto and yet apart from me, dying unaided by any priest—for though he had a great desire to be assisted by Father Edmund, by whose means he had been reconciled, it was by no means permitted that either he or any other priest should come to him,—dying without a kindred face to smile on him, without a kinsman for to speak with him and list to his last wishes. He desired to see his brother William or his uncle Lord Henry; at least to take his last leave of them before his death; but neither was that small request granted—no, not so much as to see his brother Thomas, though both then and ever he had been a Protestant. And all this misery was the fruit of one stern, cruel, unbending hatred—of one proud human will; a will which was sundering what God had joined together. Like a bird against the bars of an iron cage, my poor heart dashed itself with wild throbbings against these human obstacles. But not for very long, I thank God; brief was the storm which convulsed my soul. I soon discerned His hand in this great trial—His will above all human will; and while writhing under a

Father's merciful scourge, I could yet bless Him who held it. I pray you, Constance, how should a woman have endured so great an anguish which had not been helped by Him? Methinks what must have sustained me was that before-mentioned gentleman's report of my dear lord's great piety and virtue, which made me ashamed of not striving to resemble him in howsoever small a degree. O, what a work God wrought in that chosen soul! What meekness, what humility, what nobleness of heart! He grew so faint and weak by degrees, that he was not able to leave his bed. His physicians coming to visit him some days before his death, he desired them not to trouble themselves now any more, his case being beyond their skill. They thereupon departing, Sir Michael Blount, then lieutenant of the Tower, who had been ever very hard and harsh unto him, took occasion to come and visit him, and kneeling down by his bedside, in humble manner desired my dear Philip to forgive him. Whereto mine own beloved husband answered in this manner: 'Do you ask forgiveness, Mr. Lieutenant? Why, then, I forgive you in the same sort as I desire myself to be forgiven at the hands of God;' and then kissed his hand, and offered it in most kind and charitable manner to him, and holding his fast in his own said, 'I pray you also to forgive me whatever I have said or done in any thing offensive to you,' and he melting into tears and answering 'that he forgave him with all his heart;' my lord raised himself a little upon his pillow, and made a brief grave speech unto the lieutenant in this manner: 'Mr. Lieutenant, you have showed both me and my men very hard measure.' 'Wherein, my lord?' quoth he. 'Nay,' said my lord, 'I will not make a recapitulation of any thing, for it is all freely forgiven. Only I am to say unto you a few words of my last will, which being observed, may, by the grace of God, turn much to your benefit and reputation. I speak not for myself; for God of His goodness has taken order that I shall be delivered very shortly out of your charge; only for others I speak who may be committed to this place. You must think, Mr. Lieutenant, that when a prisoner comes hither to this tower that he bringeth sorrow with him. O then do not add affliction to affliction; there is no man whatsoever that thinketh himself to stand surest but may fall. It is a very inhuman part to tread on him whom misfortune hath cast down. The man that is void of mercy God hath in great detestation. Your commission is only to keep in safety, not to kill with severity. Remember, good Mr. Lieutenant, that God who with His finger turneth the unstable wheel of this variable world, can in the revolution of a few days bring you to be a prisoner also, and to be kept in the same place where now you keep others. There is no

calamity that men are subject unto but you may also taste as well as any other man. Farewell, Mr. Lieutenant; for the time of my short abode come to me whenever you please, and you shall be heartily welcome as my friend.' My dear lord, when he uttered these words, should seem to have had some kind of prophetic foresight touching this poor man's fate; for I have just heard this day, seven weeks only after my husband's death, that Sir Michael Blount hath fallen into great disgrace, lost his office, and is indeed committed close prisoner in that same Tower where he so long kept others.

"And now my faltering pen must needs transcribe the last letter I received from my beloved husband, for your heart, dear friend, is one with mine. You have known its sufferings through the many years evil influences robbed it of that love which, for brief intervals of happiness afterwards and this long separation since, hath, by its steady and constant return, made so rich amends for the past. In these final words you shall find proofs of his excellent humility and notable affection for my unworthy self, which I doubt not, my dear Constance, shall draw water from your eyes. Mine yield no moisture now. Methinks these last griefs have exhausted in them the fountain of tears.

"'Mine own good wife, I must now in this world take my last farewell of you; and as I know no person living whom I have so much offended as yourself, so do I account this opportunity of asking your forgiveness as a singular benefit of Almighty God. And I most humbly and heartily beseech you, even for His sake and of your charity, to forgive me all whereinsoever I have offended you; and the assurance I have of this your forgiveness is my greatest contentment at this present, and will be a greater, I doubt not, when my soul is ready to depart out of my body. I call God to witness it is no small grief unto me that I cannot make you recompense in this world for the wrongs I have done you. Affliction gives understanding. God, who knows my heart, and has seen my true sorrow in that behalf, has, I hope, of His infinite mercy, remitted all, I doubt not, as you have done in your singular charity, to mine infinite comfort.'

"Now what remaineth but in a few brief sentences to relate how this loved husband spent his last hours, and the manner of his death. Those were for the most part spent in prayer; sometimes saying his beads, sometimes such psalms and prayers as he knew by heart. Seeing his servants (one of which hath been the narrator to me of these his final moments) stand by his bedside in the morning weeping in a mournful manner, he asked them 'what o'clock it was?' they answering that it was eight or thereabout, 'Why, then,' said

he, 'I have almost run out my course, and come to the end of this miserable mortal life,' desiring them not to weep for him, since he did not doubt, by the grace of God, but all would go well with him; which being said he returned to his prayers upon his beads again, though then with a very slow, hollow, and fainting voice; and so continued as long as he was able to draw so much breath as was sufficient to sound out the names of Jesus and Mary, which were the last words he was ever heard to speak. The last minute of his last hour being come, lying on his back, his eyes firmly fixed towards heaven, his long, lean, consumed arms out of the bed, his hands upon his breast, laid in cross one upon the other, about twelve o'clock at noon, in a most sweet manner, without any sign of grief or groan, only turning his head a little aside, as one falling into a pleasing sleep, he surrendered his soul into the hands of God, who to His own glory had created it. And she who writeth this letter, she who loved him since her most early years—who when he was estranged from her waited his return—who gloried in his virtues, doated on his perfections, endured his afflictions, and now lamenteth his death, hath nothing left but to live a widow; indeed with no other glory than that which she doth borrow from his merits, until such time as it shall please God to take her from this earth to a world where he hath found, she doth humbly hope, rest unto his soul."

The Countess of Arundel is now aged. The virtues which have crowned her mature years are such as her youth did foreshadow. My pen would run on too fast if it took up that theme. This only will I add, and so conclude this too long piece of writing,—she hath kept her constant resolve to live and die a widow. I have seen many times letters from both Protestants and Catholics which made unfeigned protestations that they were never so edified by any as by her. As the Holy Scriptures do say of that noble widow Judith, "Not one spoke an ill word of her," albeit these times are extremely malicious. For mine own part, I never read those words of Holy Writ, "Who shall find a valiant woman?" and what doth follow, but I must needs think of Ann Dacre, the wife of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel and Surrey.

After the lapse of some years, it hath been my hap to have a sight of this manuscript, the reading of which, even as the writing of it in former days, doth cause me to live over again my past life. This lapse of time hath added nothing notable except the dreadful death of Hubert, my dear Basil's only brother, who suffered last

year for the share he had, or leastways was judged to have, in the Gunpowder Plot and treason. Alas! he, which once, to improve his fortunes, denied his faith, when fortune turned her back upon him grew into a virulent hatred of those in power, once his friends and tempters, and consorted with desperate men; whether he was privy to their councils, or only familiar with them previous to their crimes, and so fell into suspicion of their guilt, God knoweth. It doth appear from some good reports that he died a true penitent. There is a better hope methinks for such as meet in this world with open shame and suffering than for secret sinners, who go to their pompous graves unchastised and unabsolved.

By his brother's death Basil recovered his lands; for his present majesty hath some time since recalled the sentence of his banishment. And many of his friends have moved him to return to England; but for more reasons than one he refused so much as to think of it, and has compounded his estate for 700*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Our children have now grown unto ripe years. Muriel (who would have been a nun if she had followed her godmother's example) is now married, to her own liking and our no small contentment, to a very commendable young gentleman, the son of Mr. Yates, and hath gone to reside with him at his seat in Worcestershire; and Ann, Lady Arundel's goddaughter, nothing will serve but to be a "holy Mary," as the French people do style those dames which that great and good prelate, M. de Genève, hath assembled in a small hive at Annecy, like bees to gather the honey of devotion in the garden of religion. This should seem a strange fancy, this order being so new in the Church, and the place so distant; but time will show if this should be God's will; and if so, then it must needs be ours also.

What liketh me most is that my son Roger doth prove the very image of his father, and the counterpart of him in his goodness. I am of opinion that nothing better can be desired for him than that he never lose so good a likeness.

And now farewell, pen and ink, mine old companions, for a brief moment resumed, but with a less steady hand than heretofore; now not to be again used except for such ordinary purposes as housewifery and friendship shall require.

Poetry of Church Festivals, Seasons, & Ordinances.

THE influence exercised by particular books is often to be measured, not so much by their intrinsic worth, by the genius of the author, the beauty of his style, the novelty of his materials, or the care with which he has acquired and arranged them, as by the temper and the needs of the age, or of the public mind, in some particular respect, at the moment of their appearance, or other external circumstances which may give them a force and opportuneness of which they might otherwise have been devoid. It is not the best, the most learned, the most conscientious volume that succeeds in winning a place among the leading influences of a particular time; and the secret of such success is to be looked for, when it happens, in the prevailing tone of thought among the community, which welcomes what is in harmony with itself, and responds with enthusiasm to a voice that wakes up its own echoes, unlocks some pent-up feeling, and unfolds to the heart the object of its own unconscious longings. Then

"From some rude and powerless arm
A random shaft in season sent
Shall light upon some lurking harm,
And work some wonder little meant."

In such a case the age may be said to produce the book, and the book to react upon the age. Such is the relation between the "leading journal" and public opinion; such is the account to be given of the power exercised by publications like the *Essays and Reviews*, or again by some of the political *brochures* that have had most popularity and influence in our own generation.

The work from which we have taken the verses just quoted is an admirable instance of this. The *Christian Year* has rich merits as a volume of poetry; but its wonderful popularity, and the effect that it has produced on the religious feeling of England, is not due to its poetical merit. Had Mr. Keble been less of a poet, he might not have attained so great a success; but he has shown as great, or even greater power in some of the pieces in his *Lyra Innocentium*,—a book which never has had, and never will have, in the present state of feeling in this country, any influence that can be compared to that of the *Christian Year*. In his earlier volume he gave religious

minds in England just what they wanted: he opened to them a new source of soothing and gentle feeling at a time that they were weary with excitement, and athirst for something more satisfying and refreshing than the evangelical school could give them. He caught up the quiet and practical tone of the Prayer-book, nine-tenths of which is either simple Scripture or translation from the Catholic Breviary, and brought it home in a set of sweet and graceful poems, which people were to read Sunday after Sunday, and festival after festival. No wonder the book soon made its way; it came like the sound of some simple ancient chant ringing through the aisles of a cathedral to ears that had before been accustomed to the nasal vulgarisms of a conventicle. Gradually it became a household book: good people made it a sort of Anglican *Imitation of Christ*. Its popularity still continues, and shows no sign of decrease, though it must now be not far short of forty years since the first edition was issued. All the best minds of Anglicanism, of every shade of opinion, have felt its influence—Dean Stanley quotes it as well as Dr. Pusey. It was as well known at Oxford as Butler's *Analogy*; and though it never reached the lower classes of society, who are seldom Anglican by choice, it has toned the feelings, and to some extent formed the character, of thousands in every class but the lowest. A prelate who was fond of would-be witticisms gave it the rather ill-natured name of the "Sunday puzzle;" but the term itself indicates the habit into which people fell of making it their "spiritual reading" once a-week. The aim of the author was entirely attained. "Next to a sound rule of faith," he said in his advertisement, "there is nothing of so much consequence as a sober standard of feeling in matters of practical religion; and it is the peculiar happiness of the Church of England to possess, in her authorised formularies, an ample and secure provision for both." It is curious how faithfully the book reflects, along with so many points of the very best and highest doctrine that has ever been maintained within the Anglican pale, some of the errors that belong to the Protestant side of the Establishment. Thus in the poem on the occasional service for "Gunpowder Treason," the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory is called a "lurid dream," and the Presence of our Lord in the Eucharist is said to be "in the heart, not in the hand"—in which Anglicans receive their Communion. It has always seemed to us a strange witness to the fact that the dogmatism of the High-Church party is in reality more a matter of sentiment than of faith, that not only has this heterodox statement remained untouched in the successive editions of the *Christian Year*, but that it has remained there without complaint or animadversion, though there has been a great deal of agitation and protestation in

favour of the doctrine of the Real Presence. And yet the *Christian Year* is not a mere volume of poetry—it has attained the position of a work of authority; and its very Preface declares the importance of sound doctrine to be paramount to all other considerations. Could we have a fairer proof as to what is the form of opinion most congenial to Anglicanism? In other matters as to which there has been a revival of controversy since the time of its publication, it is the same: the book witnesses to the domestic, homely, patriarchal temper of the Establishment, in which

“We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell;
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky;”

while the *Lyra Innocentium*—in which counsels of perfection are hinted at; in which the power of the intercession of the saints and of their relics is pointed out; in which, above all, devotion to our Blessed Lady is inculcated—has never, despite the great name that Mr. Keble had won for himself by his former volume, and the great progress made in the direction of Catholicism by individual Anglicans, been a popular book. In that case Mr. Keble offered to Anglicans a little more than they were prepared for.

As the *Christian Year* owed its success and its influence to the happy fitness of the strain of feeling under which its poems were written to satisfy an unconscious craving in the minds of English Churchmen of the time, so the book itself seems to have grown up insensibly under the hands of its author, who had no deliberate purpose of influencing his countrymen, without having been first sketched out as a whole in his own mind. It is obvious that the separate pieces were composed under very various circumstances, and were in many cases only allotted to a particular day because they suited some text that happened to occur in its services. A notable instance of this is a poem beginning “Lessons sweet of spring returning,” which is adapted to the first Sunday after Epiphany. The poem is, we believe, a recollection of one of Mr. Keble's early curacies; and its readers, at the season at which it has been placed, must often have been surprised to find themselves among the nightingales in January. Occasional as the poems were in the mind of their author, they still breathed one uniform calm and lofty spirit; and it is one of the most hopeful signs in the religious history of England during the last half-century that they have diffused this spirit so widely. Though Mr. Keble had a great name and exercised a wonderful influence at Oxford, the University itself seems hardly to have moulded his mind and character so much as his own home. He was, we believe, never

at any school at all, and he achieved the highest honours at Oxford at a singularly early age. There is little academic about the *Christian Year*, if we except the deep and thorough scholarship that it shows here and there,—a scholarship not always easily to be detected,—and a way of interpreting nature that seems caught from a country parsonage and quiet home of the more orthodox set of Butler. The author has before his mind the simple, homely, and sincerely pious life that was to be found at that time in many Anglicans, and which, we are happy to believe, has been made more general by Mr. Keble's writings: it is, no doubt, somewhat idealised in them. The theory of poetry which he put forward in his most thoughtful and philosophical work, the *Prælectiones* which he delivered as Professor of Poetry at Oxford, has seldom received more signal illustration than from the creations of his own mind. According to that theory, poetry is the expression of some dominant feeling of desire or regretful longing, the revelation of emotions and aspirations too shy to relieve themselves in a more open and direct manner. It is very much to be lamented that these masterly lectures, in the course of which the great poets of antiquity are successively handled and illustrated in accordance with this theory, should never have been made accessible to the English reader. If the *Christian Year* gives vent to the yearnings of a deeply-religious heart after a system in which greater play should be given to the spiritual affections without infringing on the sobriety dictated by reverence and a sound faith, Mr. Keble's second volume, which we have already more than once named, embodies nothing more or less than the yearnings of a heart that finds the prison of Anglicanism all too narrow, and gazes wistfully upon the forbidden objects of Catholic piety and devotion:

"Protenditque manus ripæ ulterioris amore."

In this view, apart from its great poetical merit, it is a most interesting and touching book—the song of an exile that tries in vain to cheat himself into the thought that he is at home; of a royal child stolen from his parents, that tries to find their loving smile and the treasures of their palace in the poor cottage into which he has been entrapped. But Mr. Keble found that this song did not wake the same response in the hearts of his hearers as that which he had uttered before. Not to speak of the so-called "Romanising" school, many of whom were but little prepared to accept poetry for realities, the more advanced Anglicans found the new book unsettling and uncongenial—though its utterances were often indirect, and though it disarmed a great part of the criticisms that might otherwise have been directed against it by addressing itself to children

and those who had the care of them. They had not learnt that devotion to the "Mother of God"—a title of which most of them were afraid—was a direct consequence of the fact of the Incarnation; nor were they ready to see the connection of the same doctrine with the full details of the sacramental system and the power and dignity of the saints so plainly stated, even in the sweetest verse. In truth, the "sound rule of faith," of which the Preface of the *Christian Year* had spoken, was really wanting to them; Mr. Keble had soothed, refined, elevated their religious sentiments, but he had not taught them the full Catholic doctrine. So when he struck a note in harmony with that doctrine, it jarred upon their ears.

Any one who takes the trouble to compare together the two volumes of which we have spoken will hardly fail to be struck with the much greater prominence given to Church ordinances, ritual, and, in a general sense, the sacramental system, in the *Lyra Innocentium*. The poems in this, as in the *Christian Year*, were not written for particular days or feasts; indeed, if we remember right, the index allotting them to each festival was an afterthought, added in the second edition. Christian children, their ways, and their privileges, form the direct subject of the book; but no one can help seeing that the ritual system of the Church has grown upon the mental eye of the writer. It has supplanted the classical element which was conspicuous in the *Christian Year*,

"The olive wreath, the ivied wand,
The sword in myrtles dress'd ;"

the use made of Andromache's

"Father to me thou art, and mother dear,
And brother too, kind husband of my heart ;"

or of the cry of Ajax—*ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὀλεσσον*—

"Only disperse the cloud, they cry,
And if our lot be death, give light, and let us die !"

The feeling for the Church's ritual, and for the beautiful customs which the faith of centuries has woven into the whole fabric of daily life among Catholics, is far more intense; but the tone of the book is less happy and less soothing than that of its predecessor. It is a strain after something beyond the reach,—a desperate effort to forget the world of realities in another created by the author's imagination. The most Catholic passages have an uneasy, though a most plaintive air. The natural aspirations of Christian devotion are defended, or brought in under an apology. Thus the author speaks

of a child that has lost her mother taking comfort in the thought of the intercession of our Blessed Lady :

"Thy vision—*whoso chides may blame*
The instinctive teachings of the altar flame—
 Shows thee above, in yon ethereal air,
 A holier Mother, rapt in more prevailing prayer."

In another poem he speaks of the ancient tradition of the Church that our Lord appeared to His Blessed Mother first of all after the Resurrection :

"He veil'd His awful footsteps, our all-subduing Lord,
 Until the blessed Magdalene beheld Him and ador'd :
 But through the veil the Spouse may see—for her heart is as His own—
 That to His Mother or by sight or touch He made Him known ;
 And even as from His manger-bed He gave her His first smile,
 So now, while Seraphs wait, He talks apart with her awhile :
That thou of all the forms which to thee His image wear,
Mightst own thy parent's first, with thy prime of loving care !"

Thus, though a beautiful tribute is paid in these poems to the attractive majesty and grace of the Catholic system, it is rather the admiration of a stranger that speaks than the loyal love of one who is at home and at rest.

The intelligent children of the Catholic Church live indeed in an atmosphere charged with all the elements of the highest poetry. Their minds and hearts and imaginations are constantly fed upon the purest, grandest, and most ennobling objects ; and all the most beautiful and majestic developments of art, in its various branches, have been conquered by the Church for the service of the heirs of a celestial home. Her whole system, her ritual, her ceremonies, her arrangement of seasons, her succession of feasts, in which the mysteries of salvation, or the triumphs of her heroes are commemorated, is one grand poem, rather than the subject-matter of poetry. A divine meaning penetrates all her actions, all her institutions, all her symbols ; and nothing that she has ever adopted is fanciful, extravagant, or without its own deep signification. Every thing human and earthly, that can be gracefully and reverently turned to the honour and worship of God, has been seized by her as the vehicle by which her love and gratitude may be expressed, and her children's hearts raised to the footstool of their Father's throne. This twofold end—the glory of God, and the moulding of the hearts and minds of men—guides the Church throughout ; and in her pursuit of it she uses the whole range of material that lies at her disposal. Her countless services—under which general name we must include the Liturgy strictly so called, the Divine Office, the Pontifical and Ritual, as well as the

popular and occasional devotions sanctioned by her—are rich with beauties of thought, imagery, and diction, scattered, or rather heaped up, with all the profusion of nature. Like nature also, the more closely they are inspected, the more are the treasures that they reveal; and though apparently accidental units, and disconnected one from another, they are parts of a great whole, in strict keeping and harmony. It is not an exaggeration to compare this great system with another more immediately of Divine creation, from which so large a part of its materials are derived,—that of the Sacred Scriptures themselves. The same Divine Spirit that moved so many different writers in ages so widely separated as those of Moses and St. John—one and multifold, as Scripture itself calls Him—arranged, according to His own hidden purpose, the sequence and relation of the different parts of which the one volume of Holy Writ is composed. So, in a different degree, with the Church's utterances of worship, thanksgiving, and prayer. St. Paul speaks of His agency as powerfully active even in the intercourse of individual souls with God: how much more therefore may the same be said of the ritual and ordinances of the Church! “Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmity. For we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit himself asketh for us with ineffable groanings. And He that searcheth the heart knoweth what the Spirit desireth; because He asketh for the saints according to God” (Rom. viii. 27). Who can trace out the human instruments by means of whom this wonderful system has been built up? The antiquary may indeed allot this or that hymn to some ancient writer, and we may learn that such a Pope added some particular prayer or ceremony to the Liturgy; and in the same way we may find out the author of some beautiful preface or sequence. But the system itself,—who imagined it? and what individual name can be connected with the spirit that breathes throughout from beginning to end? So, again, with the arrangement of the Calendar. We know the date at which the first Sunday after Pentecost came to be devoted to the honour of the most Holy Trinity; how the first day after the Feast of All Saints became the Commemoration of all the Faithful Departed; and by what special interposition the Feasts of Corpus Christi and of the Sacred Heart came to be celebrated at all, and celebrated when they are. The same wonderful arrangement seems to underlie a great part of the Calendar; as, for instance, in the case of so many feasts of Apostles and Evangelists, that seem to be echoes of Christmas-day in the last week of most of the successive months; the grouping of the three great feasts that follow the Nativity; and even such coincidences as that by which the Novena of the Assumption begins

on the Transfiguration. These things show what we may well call the mind of the Church; and the same uniform spirit may be traced in ceremonies and ritual observances, in which a thoughtful devotion will seldom fail to find very beautiful and instructive meanings.

Though the Anglican system has preserved more of Catholic ceremonial and arrangement than many others, and though its Prayer-book is almost entirely formed of Catholic fragments, it would probably be very easy to point out numberless instances in which, under the pretence of cutting off what was superfluous and luxuriant, the English reformers have shattered and ruined the most touching and significant features of the ancient materials on which they worked. At all events, if the poetry of the ritual be not entirely marred, nine-tenths of it has been distorted and disfigured. Enough is left to awaken the longing desire for more; enough to inspire the plaintive strains of the *Christian Year* and the *Lyra Innocentium*; not enough to put it in the power of the author of those works to unfold all or half of the beauties that deserve a poetic treatment as classically Christian as his. It is said that in the last century, after the suppression of the Society of Jesus, one who had been a member of the extinct body was invited to preach a panegyric on the feast of its founder. In the course of it he claimed to be singularly fitted for such a task; no one could praise the work of St. Ignatius who belonged to the Society—no one could understand what that work had been who did not. He had the knowledge that was requisite, and the position which made the full use of that knowledge becoming. We say something analogous, though not quite the same, about the beauties of Catholic ritual and ceremonial. It may be that those who have been all their lives familiar with them are like the natives of beautiful and bountiful climates, who have been born and bred among scenes which travellers come from the ends of the earth to visit. They have drunk in the influences around them from their childhood, but they have seldom reflected upon them. Their whole nature, moral and physical, has been affected by them; they move with an unconscious grace, and surprise their visitors by flashes of lofty thought and the simple poetry and music of their language; but they cannot describe to themselves or to others the beauties and grandeur among which they have always lived; they do not even feel them or recognise them. The stranger from some bleak and cloudy land sketches their landscapes, their ruins, their costumes, with eagerness, and grows eloquent in his explanation of treasures of which the owners are unconscious. So it may be an advantage, in this respect, to have stood at the door before entering the wondrous palace which

the Church has provided for the devotion of her children; to have listened from without to the pealing music, softened by distance, and to have gazed wistfully at the twinkling lights and solemn movements within the half-veiled sanctuary. But again, to understand and appreciate all—much more to interpret it to others, and to call forth for their delight and instruction the harmonies that

“slumber in their shell,”

—this is something which cannot be given to a stranger. Catholicism is not like a nationality, which cannot be truly and thoroughly acquired; its language is not one that may not be mastered if it has not been learnt naturally. It draws no line between those who are within its pale, though some may come late and others early. It has a divine power of moulding and transforming all that are unreservedly under its influence. If it does not stamp all with the true type, it is because its action has been impeded by strong self-will or self-conceit. All can find themselves at home in the Church, if they will—the labourers of the eleventh hour as well as those of the first. But they must be the children of the Church to be at home in her; and though she has wandering children and children stolen from her against their will, on whose ear her music will not grate, and who are continually drawn by the instincts of their new birth and the cravings of their nature to the rich stores of life and happiness which are their inheritance, still they cannot sing her songs in a strange land; the air of exile dims their eyes and makes their ears hard of hearing, and locks up in unwilling silence tongues that might otherwise have sung her glories in strains of the loftiest poetry.

It is idle to conjecture how Mr. Keble might have written, or might write, of the Catholic system, if by his devotion to our Blessed Lady, or in some other way, he had been led, or were still to be led, to submit to the Catholic Church. We have already remarked that he cannot be considered as having illustrated systematically and thoroughly the far less rich and complete arrangement set before him in the Prayer-book. The Sunday “lessons” have furnished him with the greater number of subjects for his poems. It was a happy thought to connect many of them with the course of the *Christian Year*; but they might have appeared as fitly as meditations suggested by Scripture. We cannot, however, doubt that a mind like that of Mr. Keble would have glowed with fresh inspiration under the full influence of the Catholic system. Such has not been his lot. The Liturgy and Ritual of the Church might well occupy the labour of a whole school of poetic illustrators. Their beauties are not only multitudinous, but ever-varying; they possess

that wonderful quality of versatility and adaptation to different times, different needs, moods, states of conscience, grief or joy, hope or despondency, and the like, which reminds us of the changeful sympathies of nature or of the higher forms of human friendship. As the Lord's Prayer or the Holy Mass can never be, as it were, exhausted, and no possible variety of condition or phase of human existence lies beyond the sphere of their Divine consolation, so to the priest or the layman, to the secular or the religious, to young and old, poor and rich, mourners and lonely souls, as well as to devout Christians in the brightest moments of their earthly course, the ordinances, ritual, and services of the Church will always be found teeming with the spiritual good most adapted to the condition of each. We need not wonder at the richness of the mine, when we remember that these services embrace the whole series of mysteries that constitute the groundwork of Christian doctrine, the whole providence of God towards the human race and individual souls, the contents of Scripture, the graces, sacramental and other, by which human life is upheld from the dawn of existence to its passage into the world beyond the grave, piercing even beyond its frontiers, as well as the lives and actions of the Incarnate God and the countless orders and degrees of His saints. What can a single poet do in the presence of so vast a subject? He must content himself with striking his few notes in harmony with the spirit that animates the whole system, happy if he can point out a portion of its treasures, and suggest trains of holy and consoling thought which his readers may follow up for themselves.

Canon Oakeley has many qualifications to fit him for so modest an undertaking. If the beauties in which the mind of the Church has unfolded itself strike with a fresh and peculiar charm upon those who have been led within her pale after the experience of a state of exile, he has so far the right to rejoice, not that he was originally outside her precincts, but that from outside he has found his way within. He has a well-stored and well-trained mind, and he has not now for the first time given proof that his attitude within the Church has been such as to give him the fairest chance of drinking in her spirit with full humility, and allowing it without resistance to penetrate and impregnate his every thought and feeling. Then he has a quick perception of the beautiful and the true, a lively fancy, a refined taste, a sound judgment, and an ease and grace of expression that seems equally unflinching whether in prose or verse. He will never write any thing bad, or out of taste, or rugged, or unscholarlike. His is, perhaps, one of those minds that have the next best gift to that of original genius—the power first of grasping an idea and adopting a

beautiful thought, and then of setting it forth clearly and brightly. It may be that, as to the idea of his book, he is so far a scholar of Mr. Keble as that the *Lyra Liturgica** would never have been written but for the *Christian Year*. But Mr. Keble's idea admitted of application to a more complete and harmonious range of subjects than was within his reach, and Canon Oakeley stands on ground from which that range can be surveyed. It may be that if the two books be compared together with reference to the theory of poetry of which we have spoken, Mr. Keble's is the fruit of a genuine poetic feeling, seeking relief in its own natural way; while Canon Oakeley's is more a set of pious and pleasing meditations, the congenial recreation of a thoughtful scholar. Nor are we disposed to maintain that the Catholic volume contains any such exquisite and lofty strains of poetry of the first order, which have placed the *Christian Year* and the *Lyra Innocentium* so far above all other compositions of the same kind in the present generation. It is enough that Canon Oakeley has attempted a work very good in itself, and has executed it, as far as he has gone, with a grace that has not marred the beauty of his subject. When the subject is the most beautiful that can be imagined, this is praise of which no one need be ashamed.

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* *Lyra Liturgica*. Reflections in Verse for Holy Days and Seasons. London, 1865. (We hope to notice Canon Oakeley's volume more at length elsewhere.)

Egypt in the British Museum.

PART I.

WHAT a charm there is about the land of Egypt! Our very earliest recollections are linked with that strange country. As children, we heard of it in connection with Joseph and his brethren; as school-boys, we associated it with the marvellous stories contained in the hardest book of Herodotus. Belzoni introduced us to many of its temples in those small octavo editions of *Books for the Young*, which were rendered attractive, thirty or forty years ago, by three pictures in a page, illustrative of the letter-press; and we have known a person who could never hear a sonata of Beethoven without almost seeing the natives dancing on the banks of the Nile, because when a boy he had heard that music played while reading Belzoni's description. Then we were taken to the British Museum; and while our taste was formed by our attention being drawn to the perfections of Grecian art, and we thought that we really appreciated all the beauties of the Theseus and the Ilyssus, the metopes and the frieze of the Parthenon, we treated with some contempt the works of Egyptian sculptors, and yet we could not help being impressed with the great big fist and the long arm, and the Rosetta stone, and young Memnon above all.

Perhaps it may be possible to give a little interest to some of the Egyptian monuments in the British Museum by selecting a few, assigning their chronological order, and associating the period of their erection with the events of sacred history. If we undertake this task, the first preliminary will be to lay down that system of Egyptian history which has the best claims on our acceptance. It is not our intention to enter into controversy; and we will only assure Egyptologists—we neither like the word nor the tone of mind usually associated with it—that we are fully aware of the existence of two schools of opinion,—of the long chronologists, and of the short chronologists,—and that with malice prepense we adhere to that system of chronology which falls in with the chronology of the Septuagint.

We must start with coming to a clear understanding with our readers on the use of certain expressions. We speak of *dynasties* of

Egyptian kings, and of some thirty of them. Now, as watchmakers are said, in numbering their watches, not to begin from unity, but from some advanced number, in order to convey an idea of the esteem in which they are held, so Manëtho makes the Egyptian dynasties begin from the *eighth*. The first seven dynasties are superhuman, and consist of gods and demi-gods; the god Ra, or the Sun, occupies by himself the first dynasty, the other six are filled with his kith and kin, much as our Welsh chroniclers enumerate, with more positiveness than truth, lords of Britain, from King Bran up to Brut the Trojan. Our readers, then, must allow us to begin with dynasty number eight, and must give us credit for honesty in thus warning them that dynasty number eight is, in fact, dynasty number one. The head of this dynasty is King Menes, and the seat of his kingdom, Zoan or Tanis, in the Delta, a town built, as we are told in Holy Scripture itself, seven years after Hebron (Numb. xiii. 23), on the east side of that branch of the Nile which bears its name. The date of the beginning of this eighth dynasty is B.C. 2224, some seventy years before the birth of Abraham, and some nine centuries after the Flood.

The great question is, What is to be thought of the dynasties that followed this first dynasty of Menes? Were they successive dynasties, or were they concurrent, like the successions of petty kings during the Saxon heptarchy? For a certain time before the Christian era Egypt was certainly a single monarchy—for about eighteen hundred years; before that time it seems highly probable, or rather positively certain, that the heptarchy in England would fairly represent the state of Egypt. There existed a number of petty kingdoms; and the successions of kings in those kingdoms are called dynasties; and as during the Saxon heptarchy the sovereign in one or other of those petty kingdoms acquired the title of Bretwalda, with real or nominal authority over the kings of the other members of the heptarchy, so in Egypt there was a succession of suzerains from one or other dynasty, who exercised a kind of superiority over the whole country, but without necessarily interfering with the other dynasties or the succession of the kings in them.

The antecedent probability that such should have been the history of the Egyptians is obvious. It is the rule in the early history of nations. There is not cohesive power enough to keep together large populations, and they therefore divide into a number of small bodies, each with its own chieftain; sometimes the personal influence of one man extends beyond the limits of his own petty state, and acts as a cohesive power during his lifetime, binding together a number of states under his suzerainty; when he dies, either some other of like

power with himself steps into his place, or the states may again assume their isolation from each other.

This antecedent probability is confirmed by many incidents in the history of the early dynasties; let one suffice. We find a king of the fourteenth dynasty surviving the kings of the fifteenth dynasty. If so, since the fifteenth dynasty lasted a century, it is plain that the fifteenth dynasty was not subsequent to the fourteenth, but must have been concurrent with it. The facts are these: there was a long struggle between foreign invaders who settled in the country, and were called Hyksos, and the natives. The foreigners gradually advanced in power, and established their superiority; at the end of the struggle there was only one Egyptian king surviving; his name was Ra-skenen, and he belonged to the fourteenth dynasty. Now the dynasty of the foreigners was the seventeenth; it follows, then, that the last representative of the fourteenth dynasty survived the kings of the fifteenth dynasty, and consequently that the fifteenth dynasty must have been concurrent with the fourteenth.

The history, then, of Egypt from the beginning of the eighth or first historical dynasty is, in outline, as follows:

The first inhabitants were settlers in the North of Egypt; the town which they built was called Zoan or Tanis. As they multiplied, offshoots moved up the country southwards, and a number of petty states were formed. There was Memphis Proper, and there was Central Memphis; there were the East Nilians at On, the city of the Sun; there were the North folk of Thebes, at Abydos, and the South folk of Thebes; there were, two hundred years after the first settlers in Egypt, the foreign settlements of the Philistine Hyksos at Sais; and finally there were the marches of Ethiopia or Nubia. Let it be remarked that we have with our eyes open asserted the spread of the population from the North southwards, and that we do not admit the contrary system.

We proceed to fill up this outline a little. We have already intimated that the oldest dynasty was that of the primitive settlement of Tanis or Zoan, founded by Menes.* This dynasty, called by Egyptian antiquaries the eighth, was named the Tanite. Since at first it existed alone, and the other settlements with their proper dynasties proceeded from it, we may fairly regard its sovereigns as possessing a kind of precedence until there arose a king in some one of the other dynasties who by his personal influence won the suzerainty from them for his own town and district. Then the Tanite dynasty would become tributary, or at any rate subordinate, and the reigning Tanite family might easily be changed for another more

* B.C. 2224.

suited to the views of the new suzerains. After two hundred years this change took place, and the second Tanite dynasty succeeded the first;* it is called by antiquarians the ninth dynasty; the town and dynasty which assumed the suzerainty was that of Memphis; and the particular Memphite king who raised his people to this ascendancy was Sahoura; this Memphite dynasty is called by antiquarians the tenth. It had begun† as a settlement from Tanis some eighty years after Menes; and about a century after its own foundation it became mistress over its mother-country.‡ However, the same fate befell the Memphite dynasty as had befallen the Tanite; it had to acknowledge the suzerainty of its own offspring, the Central Memphite; afterwards it acknowledged the supremacy of the Theban, and finally of the foreign Philistine Hyksos, or Shepherd kings, who succeeded in establishing their authority over all Egypt. The Memphite dynasty, thus humbled and tributary (whether the old succession of kings was continued under the Hyksos, or changed into another more amenable to the new sovereigns) was called the eleventh dynasty, or the dynasty of tributary Memphites.§

At the same time that Sahoura the Memphite raised his people to suzerainty and humbled the Tanites, we find another dynasty beginning, which antiquarians call the twelfth.|| The country over which it reigned was the east of the Nile, and its chief city was On, or the city of the Sun. It is possible that the Memphites—on the principle, *divide et impera*—established this new dynasty by dividing the old Tanite dynasty into two; one of which retained as its centre Tanis¶ or Zoan; the other fixed its head-quarters at Heliopolis or On.

The dynasty which is called the thirteenth began almost simultaneously with the Memphite—viz. within twenty years after the establishment of the latter. Perhaps the Memphites could not agree among themselves, and the malcontents set up for themselves** in the Fayoum; the dynasty which ruled here is called the Central Memphite, and supplied, as we shall see, one of the most remarkable suzerains over all Egypt, Papa Mai-re, or the Mœris of Herodotus.

Some of the descendants of the primitive settlers passed further south than Memphis; they passed onwards to Thebes, the city of Ammon. As the Memphites formed two dynasties, so did the Thebans or Diospolites; one, the fourteenth Egyptian dynasty at

* B.C. 2034. † B.C. 2145. ‡ B.C. 2035. § B.C. 1932. || B.C. 2034.

¶ This dynasty has been connected with Elephantine; the word *Abt* will stand equally for *Elephantine* and *the East*: hence the error.

** B.C. 2132.

Hermonthis, the old original Thebes, on the west bank of the Nile, whereas the later city was built on the eastern bank; the other, the fifteenth Egyptian dynasty, probably at Abydos: the first* of these Theban dynasties began about a century, the second† about two centuries and a half, after the establishment of the original dynasty of Menes.

Meanwhile the frontiers of Ethiopia were gradually approached; and more or less of Ethiopia fell under the power of the fifteenth dynasty, of which we have just spoken, at the time when this dynasty had been raised to the suzerainty of Egypt by Usertasen I. He conquered Nubia B.C. 1974, and placed the country under the rule of military commandants, who did not bear the title of king, and whose names on monuments are not preceded by the indication of royal authority. They seem to have held their office for four years each. This arrangement appears natural when we recollect that the Ethiopians were not under royal government, but lived under the influence of a priestly caste. These military commandants go by the name of the Xoïte, or Cushite, dynasty, the so-called sixteenth Egyptian dynasty. Probably enough the names of this Xoïte dynasty ought to be arranged into two or three concurrent dynasties.

We have now accounted for the first sixteen alleged dynasties of Egypt, and shown the nature of their succession or concurrence. One more remains to be described, the so-called seventeenth dynasty, the end of which synchronises with the union of Egypt under one native sovereign and with the beginning of those dynasties which were certainly successive. The seventeenth dynasty is that of the Hyksos or Shepherd kings. This dynasty, though the last in arrangement, was in fact concurrent, for more or fewer years, with every one of the above-enumerated dynasties, with the exception of the most ancient of all, the original one of Menes, or the first Tanite. The first Tanite had passed away some thirty years when the foreign adventurers, who came probably from Palestine, crossed the sea and arrived‡ in the land of Cham. Steadily they worked their way, and after seventy years they found themselves in a position to claim the suzerainty of Egypt. We will say something of this when we have traced the suzerainty of Egypt through the other dynasties.

We have tried to be clear in our account of the first centuries of Egyptian history. If we have failed, we appeal to the compassion of our readers, and in self-defence would ask them whether they have ever had, or ever expect to have, a very clear and lucid idea of the various kingdoms of the Saxon heptarchy. Had there been a clearly-defined succession of Bretwaldas during that period of our history,

* B.C. 2127.

† B.C. 1969.

‡ B.C. 2003.

who had distinguished themselves as the supreme leaders of England, a good deal of the obscurity would have been removed: such a succession would, at any rate, have been something tangible and fixed, to which the less important events of the petty kings could be referred. In the early history of Egypt we are fortunate enough to possess a succession of the suzerains, and their chronological enumeration may serve to render more clear what has thus far been said.

SUZERAINS OF EGYPT.

B.C.

- 2234. Menes and his successors of Zoan or Tanis.
- 2035. Sahoura of Memphis Proper.
- 2017. Snefrou of Memphis Proper.
- 1995. Mœris, or Papa Mai-re, of Central Memphis.
- 1975. Meranre of Central Memphis.
- 1974. Usertasen of the Theban dynasty.
- 1932. The Hyksos, or Shepherd kings.
- 1748. The beginning of the eighteenth dynasty, when Egypt was formed into a single monarchy: under this dynasty happened the Exodus.

These suzerains were not, as has been already indicated, the successive sovereigns of one particular kingdom; but the sovereigns of those kingdoms which for the time being were the most powerful. Power moved up the Nile, southwards. Menes and his successors were kings of Zoan or Tanis, near the Mediterranean, and were of the Tanite dynasty. Then Memphis Proper rose into the ascendant, and Sahoura and Snefrou were kings of Memphis Proper, and suzerains of Egypt of the tenth dynasty: after them Central Memphis rose in importance, and Papa Mai-re, the Mœris of Herodotus,—before whose time the father of history tells us that there was nothing remarkable done in Egypt,—and his son superseded the successors of Sahoura and Snefrou. Memphis then gave way to Thebes and Usertasen, who, with a much later king—Rameses the Great—has shared the name and celebrity of “Sesostris,” fixed the seat of suzerainty in Abydos of the Thebaide. In order to establish his power, Usertasen looked for aid from without. He found it in the descendants of those foreign Philistine adventurers who had now for twenty or thirty years been making way and gaining a footing in Egypt. They became, in fact, his janizaries: with their help he became suzerain. On the death of Usertasen these janizaries, who had learned their strength, were little disposed to allow the power which they had created to pass into other hands: they invested their own chiefs with the authority Usertasen had enjoyed, and adopted the habits and usages of the country. They were by origin nomad shepherds; but a hundred years’ settlement in Egypt had

erased all traces of their primitive character, though the fact of their having invaded Egypt as nomad shepherds had taught the native Egyptians to hold "all shepherds in abomination" (Gen. xlv. 34). When, therefore, a pastoral tribe was admitted into Egypt to settle there, it was deemed wiser to place them in the remote land of Gessen, towards the borders of Asia, to avoid giving offence. The discontinuance of this conciliatory policy led to the expulsion of this foreign dynasty of the Hyksos. On the first assumption of the suzerainty, a remarkable event tended to consolidate their power. Apachnas was the first suzerain: * in the reign of his son Apophis† Joseph was sold into Egypt:‡ Joseph, the slave and afterwards the confidential steward of a captain of Pharaoh Apophis—that is of King Apophis—rose, in the way recorded in Holy Scripture, to a dignity second only to the king. The circumstances of Joseph's exaltation and triumph all demonstrate how entirely the Shepherd kings had conformed themselves to the customs of the country: the ring, the collar, the proclamation "Bow your heads," are all characteristically Egyptian; and the names of Joseph's father-in-law, of his wife, and his own, are pure Egyptian. His father-in-law is Putiphara or Petiphra, that is, "Gift of the Sun," or Heliodorus; his wife is Asenath, "the merit of Neith," that is, of the Egyptian goddess corresponding to Minerva; and Joseph's name, as given in the Septuagint, is explained "Saviour" or "Sustainer of the Land;" or, as given in the Hebrew, it has been explained "the delight of Neith," or of the goddess of wisdom—a name which a pagan king might well have given to the man of whom he said (Gen. xli. 38), "Can we find such another man, that is filled with the Spirit of God?" Indeed, "the strangers had so conformed themselves to the manners of the Egyptians," says Mr. Palmer, "that it seems impossible to some writers that they ever should have been strangers or shepherds at all." The policy which Joseph followed in the famine of seven years§ resulted in the most complete subjection of the land of Egypt to the Hyksos, and at the same time with such absence of violence, that during their supremacy works of the greatest magnitude were undertaken and completed by the subordinate dynasties in different parts of the country. The period of the suzerainty of Apophis and his successor was that of the erection of the principal pyramids by the tributary Memphite kings of the eleventh dynasty, Cheops, and Kephren, and Mycerinus.

The Hyksos maintained their supremacy for a hundred and eighty years. The cause of their fall is uncertain. It is certain, however,

* B.C. 1932.

† B.C. 1909.

‡ B.C. 1887.

§ B.C. 1871-1864.

that there was a coalition between the native Egyptians and their Nubian or Ethiopian neighbours against the reigning dynasty. There is a remarkable passage in a papyrus belonging to the British Museum which bears upon the history of this epoch.* The passage is as follows :

"It happened that Egypt was at the mercy of barbarians : there was no [native] king at the time [except] King Ra-skenen, who was governor of the South. The barbarians were at On [Heliopolis], while the chief Apapi [Apophis] was at Avaris [in the Delta], and the whole country offered him its products and loaded him with the good things of Lower Egypt. King Apapi took Soutech for god, and served none of the gods of the land. He built a beautiful and durable temple."

This passage tempts us to hazard a conjecture. The following points are certain, and form the grounds of our conjecture :

1. The Apophis spoken of is not Apophis I., who raised Joseph to his dignity ; he must be Apophis II.,† who in fact was the last of the Hyksos dynasty.

2. In his time there existed no representative of the Egyptian dynasties except Ra-skenen, the last of the dynasty of Thebes Proper, the fourteenth dynasty according to Manetho, whose reckoning we follow.

3. Soutech was the local deity of the Sethroitic nome in the Delta on the east of the Nile ; the local deity of the province which was first occupied by the Hyksos. The symbol for the god Soutech was the ass, and was given afterwards by the Egyptians to the God of the Hebrews, who, in consequence of the punishments they had received from his hands, was identified by them with the power of evil. The Egyptian for the ass being *Jao*, might also contribute to the identification of the false god Soutech with *Jehovah*, the eternal, true God of the Hebrews.

Is it not, then, within the limits of possibility that Apophis II., who came to the suzerainty about fifty years after the death of Joseph, may have learned from the Hebrews to mistrust the fables of polytheism and to acknowledge the unity of God—the God of the Hebrews ? He is charged, in the passage under consideration, with "serving none of the gods of the land," and with taking "Soutech for lord." It seems only using other words to express the same idea to say that he was charged with abandoning the Egyptian idols and of taking *Jehovah* (*Jao*) for Lord.

If this be true, we see at once the reason for the combined insurrection of Egyptian and Cushite against the presumptuous foreigners.

* Papyrus, Sallier, i. pp. 1, 2, 3.

† B.C. 1749-44.

The cry of the "The gods in danger" would wake up the long-stifled animosity between the dominant and subject races; Apophis and his friends would, like the first Christians, be denounced as "impious" and "atheists;" and in fact, after Ra-skenen had struck the first blow, it was followed up by Amosis. Memphis was taken; the Hyksos were expelled from Egypt; and a new dynasty, the eighteenth, that "knew not Joseph" nor the God of Joseph, but which was destined to know Moses and the God of Moses to its cost, was established in undisputed possession of the sovereignty of Egypt.

Such is the probable history of Egypt from about a century and a half before the visit of Abraham to Egypt; that is, from the settlement of Menes at Zoan or Tanis till half a century after the death of Joseph. There are monuments in the British Museum which belong to this epoch. In our next article on this subject we hope to give our readers a pleasant ramble through the Egyptian room and Egyptian saloon in the British Museum. If, however, they would enjoy it, they must carry the main features of this article in their heads, or this Number of *The Month* in their hands.

XL.

The Calendars of State-Papers.

MIDWAY between Fetter Lane and Chancery Lane is situated a large piece of ground, known by the name of the Rolls Estate, little frequented by the public at large, but familiar to two classes of the community—barristers and antiquaries. The history of this locality is curious. It was originally granted by the Crown for the purpose of founding upon it a house of refuge for such Jews as became converts to Christianity; and in this asylum they were fed, sheltered, and instructed. Attached to it, of course, were a chapel and a burial-ground. The former, miserably modernised, still exists, and contains an interesting monumental figure of John Yonge (master of the Rolls in the earlier part of the reign of Henry VIII.), by Torrigiano; and the site of the latter was discovered during the course of the recent excavations for the new offices now in progress of construction. In course of time the land and the buildings which had been erected upon it passed into the hands of one of the judges in Equity, known by the title of the Master of the Rolls, to whom is intrusted the official care of the archives of England. Upon this site a large block of buildings is in progress of erection, which, though invisible from Chancery Lane, presents an imposing aspect when viewed from Fetter Lane. This second wing now nearly completed is intended to afford greater accommodation for the Public Records; a term which, though frequently employed, is for the most part very imperfectly understood. Generally speaking, the Public Records may be described as comprehending at once the title-deeds of the nation, and the historical and personal memorials of its early kings, their household and private expenses, the original letters which they received, and copies of the answers which they despatched; the history of the national finance, and the accounts connected with the army and navy. There is, besides these, a very large mass of documents which fall under the convenient designation of Miscellaneous. The entire series commences with the Norman Conquest, and may be said to extend up to the present time, although the era of 1688 is the period at which it professedly terminates. The collection is wonderfully extensive, and of surpassing interest. There is not a reign from the first William to the fourth which may not be copiously illustrated from these papers. Nor should it be supposed that they are of a character purely historical. They throw a new light upon every parish in England.

Through them the descent of every manor may be traced, and the pedigree of every family of importance may be established. Whatever be the subject in which the inquirer is interested,—be it general or special, topographical or genealogical, whether it be connected with history, or antiquities, or biography; science, or art, or literature,—he is pretty sure to find something to his purpose in the Record-office. This is instructively exhibited by a return contained in *The Twenty-third Report of the Deputy-Keeper*, in which is set out a list of the subjects for which the records at the Rolls-house have been consulted for literary inquiries from 1852 to 1861. Some are of the most general character, such as “literary objects,” or “topographical and genealogical researches,” or “to search documents in the Rolls-house.” But others point to a more definite object, and show the various purposes to which our early documents may be made to apply. Requests were made and granted to inspect state-papers relative to the visit of Peter the Great to London in 1698, and the correspondents of the English agents at Moscow, 1696-1712; for a history of the Russian navy; for particulars relating to the family of Sir Philip Sydney; to copy certain drawings relating to Mary Queen of Scots; upon the history of the Jews in England; upon the prisoners confined in the Bastille during the reign of Louis XIV.; upon the history of the manners &c. of the Welsh; upon the history of the British woollen manufacture; upon a proposed treaty between Rome and England, 1768-1778; upon the life of John Rogers the martyr; and to obtain copies of order of Secretary of State, dated May 1, 1692, respecting Dr. Anderson's pills. The list occupies ten pages of small and compact type, and proves that there is scarcely a subject, public or private, ancient or modern, sacred or profane, which may not be elucidated by the aid of our national archives.

As might be expected from what has been just now mentioned, the bulk of the collection is something enormous. Some vague idea of its extent may be formed from an inspection, even from the outside, of the works now in progress; and these are but a portion of what the fabric will be when completed. When the reader is informed that in one year the papers transmitted from the War-office to the present building weighed 105 tons, and those from the Admiralty 235 tons, while other government offices contributed about 150 tons, something approaching to an estimate of the extent of the entire contents of the office may be arrived at. And this is entirely independent of the more ancient and infinitely more precious collections formerly deposited in the Tower, in the State-paper Office, in the Chapter House, and in the half-hundred other depositories of the Chancery and Exchequer.

One of the chief purposes for which the General Record-office is being erected is to obviate the numerous and crying evils which had arisen from this dispersion of the national muniments. Centralisation had become not only a convenience but a necessity. For many years this great series of historical material, unsurpassed in extent, value, and completeness by any collection of archives in Europe, was comparatively useless, and for all literary purposes the bulk of them might have been destroyed. They were distributed among fifty-six different repositories; many of them ill-lighted, badly-ventilated, and damp; none were fire-proof; and of all it might be safely affirmed, that they were little fitted for the safe custody and preservation of our public archives. There was no uniformity of administration. A different system of management, a different scale of charges for searches and copies, prevailed in each. Sometimes from the absence, and generally from the indifference or ignorance of the clerks in charge, many of these offices were practically inaccessible to the public; while the heavy fees charged at others (without regard as to whether the document was needed for legal or historical purposes) produced a result nearly equally prejudicial to the interests of historical literature. Keepers were appointed indeed, but too generally they cared little for and knew less of the contents of the documents intrusted to their care; and if the records fell into confusion, so they might remain. Thus large masses gradually mouldered and perished, "through the negligence, nescience, or slothfulness of their former guardians." Prynne, the Puritan persecutor of Laud, when he entered upon his duties as keeper of the records in the Tower, touchingly lamented "the desolation, corruption, and confusion in which they had for many years bypast lain buried together in one confused chaos, under corroding, putrefying cobwebs, dust, filth, in the dark corners of Cæsar's chapel, as mere useless reliques." He tells us how he employed "some soldiers and women to remove and cleanse them from their filthiness; but they soon growing weary of their noisome work, left them almost as foul, dusty, nasty as they found them."

Matters were not much better at the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria. "We have no wish to revive the story of the large masses which were sold to a fishmonger, a small portion only of which were recovered from destruction; or of the hundredweights of ancient parchment documents which were converted into size by the paper-stainer, and calf's-foot jelly by the confectioner. In 1836, we have it upon official evidence, that in one department only, that of the Queen's Remembrancer, a series of valuable miscellaneous papers "were tied up in 600 sacks, and were all in a most filthy state." In certain sheds, in a locality styled the King's Mews, there were piled

up 4136 cubic feet of our national records. They were in the most neglected condition, and decay and destruction was in active progress. Some were in a state of inseparable adhesion to the wall. Besides the accumulated dust of centuries, all were very damp; and the effect of damp is to cause the ink to peel off from the surface of the vellum. Decay and moisture had rendered a large quantity so fragile as hardly to admit of being touched; while others, particularly those in the form of rolls, "were so coagulated together that they could not be uncoiled." Six or seven perfect skeletons of rats were found imbedded in this mouldering record of antiquity, and detached bones of several others were distributed generally throughout the mass. Besides furnishing a charnel-house for the dead, when the attempt was first made to remove these documents a terrier was employed in hunting the live rats which were disturbed during the process. The "vermin" were strong, active, and well-fed; and the sport which they afforded very agreeably enlivened the otherwise unpleasant labours of the gentlemen connected with this department of her Majesty's service.

Nor do these remarks apply exclusively to the offices of our capital: when we pay a visit to the provincial repositories, we are distressed to find them, with rare exceptions, in a condition equally unsatisfactory. The documents still remaining in the custody of the chapter clerks of our cathedral churches are of very great value; for it must be remembered that during the Middle Ages each bishop had his own registers, and each capitular body possessed the record of its own proceedings. These are still remaining, or ought to be; and as they extend back to about the middle or end of the thirteenth century, they contain a large amount of very important material, interesting not only to the genealogist and topographer, but to general historians. During the period of which we are writing, the bishop had jurisdiction over his diocese, not only in things spiritual, but to a considerable extent in secular matters. Thus it happens that writs emanating from the Crown, and having reference to transactions of national importance, were frequently addressed by the Lord Chancellor to the bishop, with the request that the latter would cause the document to be promulgated within his own province or diocese; sometimes, however, as the writ so transmitted does not appear upon the Chancery rolls, the only proof of its existence is obtained from the episcopal register. Again, these provincial archives often contain detached instruments of the highest interest and value, superior in antiquity to any thing contained in the general office in Chancery Lane; for (as is now well known) the latter repository possesses no original document anterior to the Norman Conquest, while very

many charters executed during the Saxon period are preserved in the libraries or charter-rooms of our cathedrals. For example, Canterbury still exhibits several charters written by the hand of St. Dunstan; and Worcester, at the present day, can produce documentary evidence of the conveyance to that church of lands, which it had held long before the time of the first William. Durham is especially rich in the possession of materials which illustrate its early history. The dean and chapter are the legal guardians of an unrivalled series of instruments, commencing with the charter, attested by the Conqueror and Archbishop Lanfranc, by which the secular canons were expelled, and the Benedictines obtained possession of the church of St. Cuthbert; and thence passing on, century after century, until we reach the foundation of the present dean and canons. Among the episcopal records of the same see are documents nearly as ancient and as interesting; of these we may specify two surveys, one made by order of Bishop Pudsey, about 1183, and the second by Bishop Hatfield, between 1345 and 1382. These are of the highest importance, inasmuch as the Palatinate of Durham is not included in the great Domesday-Book of William the First.

It is painful to think that in too many instances such precious materials as these are left to treatment which, if continued, must of necessity end in their destruction. They are nominally intrusted to the care of some one who does not care for them; who cannot read them; who has no sympathy with the times, the persons, or the subjects to which they relate; and who regards them as so much troublesome and trashy lumber, the destruction of which no one would lament. Such at least appears to have been the estimate in which they were lately held at Durham, the importance of which as a collection of episcopal muniments we have just mentioned. Ten years ago it was visited by the present Deputy-Keeper of the Records, Mr. T. D. Hardy, from whose careful and temperately-worded report we glean the following particulars:

In the Court of Pleas, which "contains very ancient and valuable records," the room in which they are deposited "has more the appearance of a general country-dealer's shop than a muniment-room." Mr. Hardy next visited the office of the clerk of the peace, a gentleman of whom it is mentioned that "the records in his custody are kept in the Exchequer building, and are in a lamentable state of disorder. Papers, books, and parchments were littered about the floor, more than knee-deep; some strewn upon tables, chairs, and window-seats; others huddled together on shelves and in cupboards." Nothing daunted, Mr. Hardy next paid a visit to the clerk of the Crown; and the deputy-keeper shall describe for him-

self what he there saw and smelt: "The records in the custody of the clerk of the Crown are deposited in a cavern, or excavation made in one of the walls of the Exchequer building, without the slightest ventilation, and into which not a ray of daylight can possibly penetrate. The air is so very foul and damp that the candle which is lighted to enter this mural cave will scarcely burn; and the place is so narrow that it is difficult for a man to pass between the wall and the press in which the records are placed." The process of destruction had been going on for years at Durham before this memorable report was drawn up by Mr. Hardy. Within living memory, valuable records have been used to stop up holes, to keep rats and mice out of the muniment-rooms, to light fires, and even to make bonfires on public rejoicings. During the last twenty years (as it was stated to our informant upon good authority) barrowsful were seen kicking about on the Palace Green; some of which were converted into kites by the boys of the town; and some used by the citizens of Durham for their more domestic purposes. The whole of the proceedings of the County Court, which an Act of Parliament placed in the custody of the Master of the Rolls, have been destroyed (apparently since 1822), and not a fragment remains to tell of their nature and value.

Were we inclined to do so, we might easily swell the catalogue of record enormities; for the measure of the iniquities of their so-called keepers is full, even to overflowing. But we forbear. We have spoken a few words, rather in sorrow than in anger; and we have done so chiefly for the purpose of showing that it is not without good reason that we congratulate ourselves upon the transfer of our national archives from such holes and corners, from such dens and caves of the earth, to the airy and dry quarters provided for them in Chancery Lane, where they repose in cleanliness and comfort under the watchful guardianship of the present Master of the Rolls and his deputy-keeper.

But although these important advantages—security from the attacks of rats and rain, dust and decay, fire and thieves—have thus been obtained, it is obvious that much still remains to be done. Government has provided for their safety by placing them in a building at once fireproof and waterproof, and has charged the Master of the Rolls with their custody; and upon him has devolved the responsibility of making them serviceable to the public. But the Master of the Rolls is a high legal functionary, second in rank and importance only to the Lord Chancellor; and it might fairly have been assumed that the varied and onerous duties of his office as a judge would leave his honour little time to busy himself with the details

of originating and superintending a series of Record publications. This, however, Sir John Romilly has undertaken to do; and he has amply proved his ability to do it well. It is probable that when he became Master of the Rolls he had no knowledge of the nature and value of our records and state-papers beyond that general acquaintance which is possessed by most well-read scholars of the day. But finding himself intrusted with the charge of these documents, and appreciating their importance as illustrating our national history, he made them the subject of a careful examination. The result is now before us in the noble series of Calendars to which we are inviting the attention of our readers. They prove how, year by year, since his entrance into his present office, Sir John Romilly has exhibited a true perception of the actual requirements of our historical literature; and they show us not only what has been done already, but further, what ought to be done, and how it ought to be done. This is no easy task, and to have accomplished it so far satisfactorily merits no scanty praise. The volumes which have been already issued form an era in our historical literature; and it is sincerely to be hoped that the series may continue to advance towards its legitimate completion with the discriminating zeal by which it has hitherto been directed.

Among the extinct record-offices, the contents of which are now merged in the General Repository, one of the most important was that which was known by the name of the State-Paper Office. As it was the most valuable, so it was the most inaccessible of our diplomatic treasure-houses; and in former days the gates of this "great depository of historical truth" (as it was styled by the late Mr. Tytler) could be passed only by the favoured few who produced the *Laissez passer* of the Secretary of State for the Home Department. Its contents are now happily transferred to Chancery Lane, and are as available to the public as any other class of our national title-deeds. They may be roughly described as consisting of about 14,000 volumes, bundles, parcels, and boxes of papers, which contain the original official correspondence of the state, both as regards its foreign and domestic affairs, from the accession of Henry VIII. to that of George III. The paramount importance of this series of papers naturally attracted the early attention of the Master of the Rolls, and he decided that its contents should be made known to the world. But how was this to be done? To publish the entire collection would be simply impossible; to publish selections would be at once difficult and unsatisfactory: difficult to decide what papers should be printed and what rejected; and unsatisfactory, because the inquirer, whatever might be his subject, would always be in doubt whether the selection had been made with fairness and discretion. It was conceded on all

sides that some list, or catalogue, or calendar of these papers had become absolutely necessary, even as a security against present loss and dishonesty. Moreover, without some such aid the documents themselves are of little practical value, and the money spent in their preservation would be spent in vain. If we have no such calendar, we must refer upon each successive inquiry to the original papers themselves—a long and tiresome process. Few persons can spare time to do this; fewer still possess the qualifications requisite to make these searches with any reasonable prospect of being rewarded for their trouble. If we are unable to read the originals when produced, and if it be impossible to have them printed entire, we shall be grateful for some work which shall serve as a guide to the collection. The question then arises, Upon what system ought this catalogue or calendar to be formed?

A good calendar, in our opinion, ought to furnish, as far as possible in the words of the document which it describes, an outline of all that is contained in that document. Not only should the leading facts be noticed, but also such passages, expressions, or terms as illustrate the language, manners, customs, and character of the period to which it relates. In other words, it should supply the inquirer with a sufficient indication whether or no it is worth his while to undertake a journey to Chancery Lane for the purpose of inspecting the original. On this point the Master of the Rolls has expressed himself with much precision and with his usual practical good sense. "It is of much importance," he writes, "that the abstract (of the document under analysis) should impart negative as well as positive information, so that the inquirer may by perusal of the abstract learn what it does not as well as what it does contain; and thus be enabled to judge whether the document will or will not be useful to him. It is important that he should be saved useless trouble; it is also important that the document should be spared from needless inspection. There is always a chance of injury to the record whenever it is consulted. An adequate calendar therefore is an important step to the preservation of the document. . . . It may be safely laid down as a general principle that the information given should be explicit, rather than scanty; for although conciseness is highly desirable, yet it is indispensable that the abstracts should contain the pith and substance of the text in all cases, as well for legal purposes as for historical inquiry. . . . It must further be borne in mind, that transactions relating to private or apparently insignificant individuals may become of great value in the study of biography, or as illustrations of public policy, or the progress of legal and political institutions. This remark is especially applicable to topography and genealogy; branches

of knowledge which deal with details which are proverbially minute and circumstantial."

Upon such principles as these, plain and intelligible, the calendars of letters and state-papers are required to be constructed; and if these instructions be faithfully carried into practice the result will be most satisfactory. Yet of necessity the execution of each several work must depend, in a great degree, as well upon the nature of the documents which it represents as also upon the qualifications which the editor brings to bear upon the material with which he is required to deal. It is no easy matter to form such an abstract of an ancient letter or state-paper as will satisfy the wants of all classes of inquirers. Certain qualifications are necessary besides the ability to read the writing of the period, frequently difficult in itself, and indistinct by mildew, stains, and decay. Technical difficulties of an unusual character next present themselves; in some instances a long and delicate preliminary investigation must be gone through, before a single line of the calendar can be written. Let us take, for instance, the manuscript papers of the reign of Henry VIII., for the purpose of showing the amount of what may be called negative labour—labour which leaves on the page of the work, when printed, scarce any appreciable indication of its extent. Besides the matter connected with this reign, which was transmitted *en masse* from the State-Paper Office to the General Record Repository, 328 miscellaneous volumes were found in the Rolls House, and 118 sacks of unsorted papers were discovered in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey. Early in the reign of James I., very many bundles of the most precious papers had been carried off by Sir Robert Cotton, the founder of the Cottonian Library, and had passed into the British Museum. The whole collection had fallen into the most indescribable confusion. Proceedings in the Star-Chamber, surveys of monasteries, bills and answers in Chancery, had been incorporated into collections which professed to be of a purely diplomatic character. Papers which originally had formed portions of one connected series had straggled piecemeal into two or three different depositories. Thus the correspondence of Wolsey and Cromwell with the king had been distributed pretty evenly between the State-Paper Office, the Chapter House, and the Museum. Parts of the same letter were not uncommonly found in different libraries; and in instances innumerable the draft of a letter was placed in one collection, the fair copy in a second, and the reply in a third. Addresses were detached from the body of the document to which they belonged, and enclosures were inserted in envelopes with which they had no connexion.

Attempts had been made at different times to remedy this dis-

creditable state of things, but with results any thing but satisfactory. Sometimes documents had been arranged according to one system, sometimes according to another. Not unfrequently the plan adopted by one officer was modified or reversed by his successor. At one time letters were classified alphabetically, according to the name of the writer; at another, according to the place whence written; while a third keeper arranged them under the name of the person addressed. One officer preferred a topographical classification; another attempted to reduce the documents into a chronological series. But none of these projects was ever consistently carried out, and each successive attempt at arrangement perpetuated and augmented the confusion. Nor, indeed, could it be otherwise, so long as portions of the same series remained in different depositories; for, as it is an axiom in divinity that text illustrates text, so it is in diplomatics, that letter explains letter, ascertains its meaning, and fixes its date.

Let us suppose, however, that this preliminary labour of concentration and examination has been passed, and that the letters have been brought into one connected series. There is no great difficulty as to those which are dated, but many bear no date whatever. Here arises a new difficulty; their position in the calendar can be determined only by internal evidence, and this may be vague and obscure; the letter may relate to purely personal topics, or refer to events which are nowhere recorded in history. Such a document will occasion much trouble before its true date can be ascertained; it must be kept before the inquirer as he turns over volume after volume, until some lucky coincidence enables him to restore it to its real position; and then when, after all this annoyance, he has fixed its proper date, the difficulty is so entirely removed that the reader cannot be persuaded that there ever really could have been a difficulty. We can easily see that when an editor has gone through all this preliminary trouble, and at last has placed some undated paper, which has teased him day by day for months, just where it ought always to have been, he feels a degree of pardonable indignation when he notices the result of his labour and anxiety. The document upon which he has expended so much time, which has been so long on the tramp, which for many a year has had no settled abode, perhaps no name, steps at last into its own place so naturally and so neatly, and finds itself so entirely at home among its friends, neighbours, and acquaintance, that the uninitiated would never imagine that one could doubt for a moment as to its real settlement. Like other riddles, it is amazingly simple when it has been found out. But, as Mr. Brewer well remarks, "Nothing seems more easy and obvious after the true order has been discovered; nothing is more perplexing before."

Another very startling difficulty stares the author of the Calendar of State-Papers in the face at the very outset, and encounters him at every turn throughout his labours. Possibly the very first document which he takes up contains words, sentences, or paragraphs expressed in cipher. He is aware that these ciphered passages are most important. To pass them by without explanation would be to strip the letter of its chief value; and it is no easy task to decipher them. Very frequently aid comes from finding a passage, in the same or some other letter by the same writer, in which the decipher has been written in ordinary characters above the cipher. From the clue thus obtained it is possible to construct an alphabet which becomes applicable to the portions of the letter hitherto unexplained. But this help is not always forthcoming, and the unhappy decipherer is too often thrown upon his own resources. He finds with what perverse ingenuity the diplomat of three centuries ago guarded the secret which he wished to communicate to his trusted correspondent and to hide from the rest of the world. There are certain documents still undeciphered, notwithstanding all the patient and enlightened application of the most zealous scholars of the day. One of these is a despatch from Queen Isabella of Spain to the Duke of Estrada, which was received by him at Richmond, 20th January 1504. Of this Mr. Bergenroth, one of the most skilful archivists of the day, writes: "I have not succeeded in deciphering it." Generally, however, he was eminently successful. He tells us how, on his arrival at Simancas, some hundred of ciphered despatches, in the greater part of which not one word of common writing occurred, were placed before him. In what language were they written? On what subjects did they treat? He had never in his life occupied himself in endeavouring to decipher any despatch; but he set himself to the task, and the final result of his labours was this, he discovered the key to all the ciphers excepting one, that to which we have already referred. Some months afterwards the complete original key used by De Puebla in his extensive correspondence with the Spanish Government turned up in the office at Simancas, and was handed over to Mr. Bergenroth. It consisted of two thousand four hundred signs. Had it been found some months earlier, it would have saved immense labour; but as it was, it confirmed the discoveries which he had made without its assistance.

Possibly the reader, like Mr. Bergenroth when he began his labours at Simancas, has not had much experience in the art of deciphering, and would feel somewhat puzzled if a document of the kind were placed before him, and he were asked to explain its contents. Even if written for the most part in the ordinary character,

he would find that the leading facts of the letter were shrouded in obscurity. What, for instance, could he make of the following passage, which is transcribed from an original despatch written by De Puebla to Ferdinand and Isabella? "I send the treaty of 175 and 420, of 888 and 889, and likewise of 890." Or again, what the wiser would the uninitiated be, if he were informed that "with respect to 423 of 878, 488, 487, King Henry wishes to be informed when King Ferdinand will have returned to Castile, in order to 983, 879"? The meaning of the former passage is: "I send the treaty of friendship, and letters of the King and Queen of England, and likewise of the Prince of Wales." The second stands thus: "With respect to the marriage of the Queen of Castile with the King of England, King Henry wishes to be informed when King Ferdinand will have returned to Castile, in order to send an embassy." This, however, is the cipher in its simplest form. Some are combinations of numerals and letters of the Roman, Greek, and Hebrew alphabets, interspersed with signs purely conventional, the whole forming a combination which it is scarcely possible to represent by the means of ordinary type. Others proceed upon a different idea. Thus, in 1597, in the correspondence of William Resolde, who wrote from Holland to the English Government, he was instructed by Cecil to speak of the Pope as Hernan van Lire, and the Queen of England was Hans Hunger; when the writer mentioned Venice he meant Calais; ships of war were styled Barrels of Figs, and Bags of Pepper meant soldiers. In "a cipher usual among the Scottish Jesuits and practisers given to Mr. Randolph by Archibald Douglas, 30th July 1596," England is disguised as Cappadocia, and the King of Scotland as Adrian, the Scottish Ministers are called the Smiths, and the English Catholics are spoken of as the Bannists. Such flimsy coverings as these could not long remain unremoved; and it is probable that they served the purpose for which they were intended not more than once or twice at the most. At all events, they would afford no security against the prying eyes of the inquirers who have unravelled the mysteries of such cryptographs as are to be found in the British Museum, the State-Paper Office, and the Record-room of Simancas.

From what has been already stated, the reader will have learned that the Master of the Rolls has not limited his researches to this country only. Under his directions a foreign mission has been inaugurated, and the national archives of Spain and Italy are at the present moment being investigated; the former by Mr. Bergenroth, the latter by Mr. Rawdon Brown. In making these arrangements, Sir John Romilly has exhibited his usual discrimination. He is

aware that there exist in foreign libraries large stores of material illustrative of our national history, and that these materials are of surpassing value. They consist chiefly of the letters and despatches which the foreign ambassadors resident in England (whether Spanish, Venetian, French, or Flemish, as the case may be) sent home to their respective governments. These papers, therefore, exhibit the counterpart to the information which we possess in our own archives, and enable us at once to test its credibility and to supply its deficiencies. There are two sides to every story, and the truth may present itself under different aspects. If we are to judge of English affairs upon information exclusively derived from Englishmen, we shall probably fall into grave errors, and perpetuate the theories, the prejudices, and the untruths of ill-instructed writers. The English resident at the English court, however familiar he may have been with the intelligence of his own party, could only guess at matters connected with the relations of England with foreign countries; but these stand out clear and distinct in the correspondence of the foreign agent. If, therefore, the researches of the modern English historian are founded exclusively upon English state-papers, he does nothing more than repeat the conjectures, and possibly the errors, of an earlier age, while the truth still remains unexplained and unappreciated. Thus history is written upon *ex-parte* statements; and so it must be one-sided, and therefore worthless, until researches have been made into the libraries and archives of those nations with which in former days we were brought into most frequent communication. Just as in writing the "History of the Crimean War," no one worthy of the name of an historian would neglect the documents furnished by France and Russia; so in like manner, when employed in detailing the history of Henry VIII. or Queen Elizabeth, would it be the height of folly to pass by the state-papers of Francis I., Charles V., and Philip II.

We have stated that researches are in active progress at the present time in the archives at Simancas and Venice. In a future paper we shall enter with some detail into the nature of the information furnished by these two depositories. At present it is enough to mention in general terms, that the result has been most satisfactory, and has amply justified the anticipation which Sir John Romilly formed when he directed that researches should be made in foreign archives as well as in our own.

No report or other official paper which has fallen in our way states what further researches in this direction are still contemplated, and we are unwilling to believe that the work begun with so much zeal and intelligence will be confined within its present dimensions.

On the contrary, we accept the labours of Mr. Brown and Mr. Bergenroth as the earnest of a more extended inquiry into the materials for English history which lie buried in the libraries and archives of the Continent. The Master of the Rolls knows his subject too well not to be aware that, however productive Simancas and Venice may have been, there are several other fields of labour in Europe which promise a harvest even more abundant. Our intercourse with Venice was partial and capricious; our intercourse with Spain may be said to have begun with Henry VII., and ended on the accession of Elizabeth; whereas our whole history is inseparably interwoven with that of France and Rome. Inquiry in these two directions must necessarily lead to the most important results; while the ample resources which the Treasury wisely places at the disposal of Sir John Romilly, and the discretion which he has shown in the administration of these funds, warrant us in presuming that English scholars shall not long be left in ignorance of the treasures which await our researches in the archives and libraries of Paris and the Vatican.

We conclude this first division of our remarks on this series of calendars by furnishing an outline of the period over which the volumes already published extend, so that the reader may be enabled at once to perceive what is already done and what remains to be accomplished. We must treat the subject chronologically. The series commences with the volume contributed by Mr. Rawdon Brown, who has described the Venetian manuscripts from A.D. 1202 to 1509. Mr. Bergenroth's Calendar of the Negotiations between England and Spain, from 1485 to 1509, next follows. "The Letters and Papers, foreign and domestic, of the reign of Henry VIII., arranged and catalogued by J. S. Brewer," begin with 1509 and extend to 1518; of which another volume, as we are informed, will soon appear. The Scottish, Irish, and Colonial series, edited severally by Mr. M. J. Thorpe, Mr. H. C. Hamilton, and Mr. W. N. Sainsbury, cover the period between 1509 and 1616. Mr. Lemon has devoted himself to the Domestic Papers of the reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth; of which the second volume, very recently published, carries us onwards to 1590. The late Mr. Turnbull catalogued the Foreign Documents of Edward VI. and Queen Mary. His work appeared in 1861 in two volumes; and the series is advancing through the reign of Elizabeth under the editorship of Mr. Stevenson, two volumes of whose Calendar have already been issued. Mrs. Green resumes the Domestic Series at the year 1603, and has already advanced to the death of James I., in 1625. This reign fills four volumes. Mr. Bruce is occupied with the Domestic Papers of Charles I., eight volumes of which bring us

to the year 1635, while a ninth will be required for the papers of 1636. Leaving Charles I. in the hands of Mr. Bruce, Mrs. Green passes on to the Domestic Papers of Charles II., of which she has given us six volumes, extending from 1660 to 1667. In a subsequent paper we shall endeavour to examine these works somewhat in detail, and to show how far and in what especial points they illustrate our national history. In the mean time we can safely recommend them to the notice of such of our readers as are interested in the investigation of historical truth, as containing a mass of documentary information unsurpassed in importance, interest, and authenticity. We may conclude our remarks with the following passage, which we have ventured to borrow from the preface to one of these works: "Referring to the entire series, it is scarcely possible to estimate too highly the value of the documents, of which abstracts are given in these volumes. The information which they supply places the inquirer upon firm ground; and with them for our guide we feel that from henceforth we may bid adieu to conjecture and speculation. Facts are stated upon the authority of the chief actors, and any impression which we may have received from other sources is here subjected to the criticism of the persons who of all others can best inform us as to the causes, the bearing, and the effects of each successive occurrence. The history of the period is written down in these pages: as it appeared at the time to the men who were the best informed and the most deeply concerned about what they were writing, and who at the same time, from their intimate connection with what was passing around them, were too much in earnest to lie to each other. Events are recorded as they occurred day by day; they come back to us in these pages life-like and real, before they were moulded into that form which they were afterwards made to assume in order to support a theory or to serve a party."

The Ancient Faculty of Paris.

At the corner of the Rue de la Bûcherie and the old Rue des Rats, now known by the more dignified appellation of the Rue de l'Hôtel Colbert, may still be seen, unless the unsparing hand of "modern improvement" has very recently swept it away along with so many other memorials of the past, a dirty dilapidated building topped by a round tower, which you might take for some old pigeon-house. The half-obliterated inscription upon an escutcheon on one of the façades of the edifice indicates, however, some heretofore high and venerable destination,—*Urbi et orbi salus*. If curiosity lead you to penetrate into the interior of this dismal edifice, you find yourself, after mounting a damp staircase, in a great circular hall, divided into four irregular compartments. Above some empty niches hollowed in the thickness of the wall runs a wide cornice, the now-defaced sculptures of which represent alternately the cock—Esculapius's bird and emblem of vigilance—and the pelican nourishing its young, the type of self-sacrifice,—watchfulness and unselfish charity, the two great duties incumbent on the professor of the healing art. You stand, in fact, in the midst of the ancient amphitheatre of the Faculty of Medicine. There studied, and there, in their turn, taught, the great anatomists of the 17th century, Bartholin, Riolañ, Pecquet, Littre, Winslow. This building was an old adjunct to a large and handsome hotel belonging to the medical body, containing their chapel, library, laboratory, a vast hall for solemn disputations, with minor saloons for the daily lectures, &c., with the addition of a large court and botanical garden. It was abandoned long before the Revolution, and not a trace of all this corporate glory of the Medical Faculty now remains. The quarter of Paris in which it stood, known formerly as the Latin quarter, long preserved a peculiar stamp and physiognomy. Here were the colleges of St. Michel, of Normandy and Picardy, of Laon, Presles, Beauvais, Cornouailles, and that long succession of churches, convents, colleges, and high toppling houses, filled with a studious youth, which formerly crowded the Rue St. Jacques and the Rue de la Harpe. All these and many other sanctuaries of religion and of science, so intimately connected in the Middle Ages, clustered around the Faculty. Here, in fact, was the centre of the University of Paris, whose origin is lost in the obscurity investing the early mediæval period. The methodical classification under the head of

Faculties of the different studies pursued at that celebrated institution dates, however, from the close of the 12th century. These faculties formed independent companies, attached to their common mother the University, like branches to the parent stem.

Disregarding all apocryphal pretensions to antiquity, we cannot assign an earlier date for the formation of the medical body into an independent corporation than the year 1267. About that time we find the Faculty in possession of its statutes, keeping registers, and affixing to documents its massive silver seal. The term Faculty of *Medicine*, it must be observed, is modern. The title *Physicorum Facultas*, or *Facultas in Physica*, was long preserved. Whatever we may think of the empirical practice and dogmatic character of the medical art in those times, we cannot but see in this an indication that natural science was even then the recognised basis of medicine. We have here, if not a principle clearly understood and habitually followed, at least an intuition and a kind of programme of the future. A memorial of the old designation survives in our own country in the title of physician, while in the land where it originated it has been discontinued.

Born in the cloister, medicine long retained an ecclesiastical character. Most of the doctors in early times were canons; and those who were neither priests nor even clerks were still bound to celibacy; a regulation which remained in force long after councils had decreed the incompatibility of the exercise of the medical profession with the ecclesiastical state.

The general assemblies of the Faculty were held sometimes round the font of Notre Dame, sometimes at St. Geneviève des Ardents, sometimes at the Priory of St. Eloi; while for the ordinary purposes of instruction it shared fraternally with the Faculty of Theology the alternate use of some common room with a shake-down of straw in the Quartier St. Jacques. But by and by riches began to pour in, chiefly through the means of the legacies of members of the medical corps or other well-wishers; and, thanks to the liberality of Jacques Desparts, physician to Charles VII., the corporation of doctors was finally installed in the abode we have just described. To the general worth and respectability of the body in the 15th century, we have the testimony of Cardinal d'Estoutteville, who in 1452 was deputed by the Pope to reorganise the University of Paris, and who found less to reform in the Faculty of Medicine than in any other department. Indeed, no change of much importance was introduced, with the exception of the revocation of the law of celibacy, which the Cardinal pronounced to be both "impious and unreasonable."

Independence of spirit and great reverence for its own traditions.

were characteristic of the medical body from its earliest beginnings. It loved to describe itself as *veteris disciplina retentissima*. In those days men gloried in their respect for antiquity. In common with all the different bodies which composed the University of Paris, the medical corporation possessed great privileges,—exemption from all taxation direct or indirect, from all public burdens, from all onerous services or obligations. When we sum up all the advantages enjoyed by this and other favoured bodies and classes in the Middle Ages, the reflection naturally suggests itself—what must have been the condition of the poor, who possessed no privileges and bore all the financial burdens? In the days, however, when standing armies in the pay of government had no existence, when the king himself was a rich proprietor with large personal domains, when national debt and its interest were things unheard of, the ordinary imposts, as distinguished from all arbitrary and accidental exactions, were, of course, very much lighter than those of modern times. Liberty in those days assumed the form of privilege; and its spirit was nursed and kept alive within the bosom of these self-ruling corporations, and in none more remarkably than in that of medicine. The *esprit de corps* naturally existed with peculiar strength in a body not merely organised for purposes of instruction, but exercising a liberal profession, of which it had the monopoly.* Hence a minute internal legislation imposed upon all its members, and willingly accepted in view of the interests of the body. Its *alumni* were aspirants to a life-long membership; whereas with us the medical man's dependence upon the Faculty virtually ceases the day he takes his doctor's degree. He has nothing more to ask or to receive from it; his affair is now with the public; and the sense of brotherhood with his colleagues in the profession is lost, it is to be feared, not unfrequently in a feeling of rivalry. But it was otherwise in the olden time. The day which now sends forth the full-fledged doctor to his independent career drew the tie closer which bound him to his order, in which then only he began to take his solemn place. The honour and the interest of each member thus became common property, and unworthy conduct was punished by summary exclusion from the body.

Unfortunately this *esprit de corps* had its bad as well as its good results. It produced a certain narrowness of mind, a love of routine, and no slight attachment to professional jargon. It was not that

* It is probably this peculiarity which caused the medical to be considered as preëminently *the* faculty. Its practice brought it into intimate contact with the world at large; and this has also doubtless led to the exclusive retention, in this instance, of a designation common in its origin to other departments of learning.

the Faculty was actually the enemy of all progress, but progress must come from itself. As no association of men, however, can enjoy a monopoly of genius, useful and brilliant discoveries emanating from other quarters had to encounter the hostility of the chartered body. This spirit was exemplified in its animosity towards surgery, long a separate profession; in its prejudice against the doctrine of the circulation of the blood, because an English discovery; against antimony, because it originated with the rival Montpellier school; against quinine, because it came from America. To these subjects we may hereafter recur; in the mean time we note them as instances of medical bigotry, which exposed the profession to just ridicule, but which has drawn down upon it censure and disesteem of perhaps a somewhat too sweeping character. It would be unfair to judge the ancient Faculty solely from its exhibitions of foolish pedantry and blind prejudice; and it is our object on the present occasion to give a slight sketch of its constitution and internal government, such as may enable the reader to form a juster and more impartial view both of its faults and of its substantial merits. Indeed, without some solid titles to general esteem, it would seem improbable that the Faculty should have attained to the high position which we find it occupying in the 17th century.

One accidental cause, no doubt, of the importance of the doctors during the whole period which we are considering was their small relative number. From a computation made by a modern member of the medical profession in France,* to whom we are indebted for our facts, the average number of doctors in the capital from the year 1640 to the year 1670 did not exceed 110. Compared with the population of Paris, which is reckoned at 540,000 souls, this gives one doctor for every 4900 of the inhabitants. The medical corps is now 1800 strong, while the population has risen only to 1,740,000. Great as is this increase of population, greater, we see, proportionally, has been that of the medical practitioners, who are at present as 1 to 940. If sickness was as prevalent in the 17th century as it is now, and recourse to physic and physicking as frequent, we can imagine that the Faculty must have necessarily occupied a distinguished position. Many offices now undertaken by public institutions or by government devolved also at that time on the Faculty, which to the best of its ability supplied the want of sanitary regulations, and exercised a kind of medical police, including the supervision of articles of diet. All this must have helped to

* Maurice Raynaud, Docteur en Médecine, Docteur ès Lettres. *Les Médecins au temps de Molière,—Mœurs, Institutions, Doctrines.* Paris, 1862. Didier.

swell their importance. A large proportion of the doctors received during this selected period of thirty years were Parisians; and nothing is more common than the perpetuity of the profession in certain families. This circumstance must have combined with the corporate reverence for their traditions to intensify their attachment to a received system, and to strengthen that spirit of union which is a source of power. The respect which the lower bench paid to the upper, and the young to the ancient—and by ‘young’ we mean young in their degree, not in years—must have contributed towards the same result. It required ten years of doctorate to qualify a man to take his place amongst this venerable class; and the statutes are prolix on the subject of the respect due to the ancients from their juniors on the bench; a respect which was to be marked by every external act of deference.

But the first and great tie which bound all the members together was religion. To profess the Catholic faith was long an essential condition of admission to the examinations. The Faculty gave an energetic proof in 1637 of the importance it attached to this fundamental rule, when it withstood the pressing solicitations of the king's brother, the Duke of Orleans, in favour of a certain Brunier, the son of his own physician and a Protestant, although the prince condescended to address a flattering letter to the Dean of the Faculty, signing himself “Votre bon ami, Gaston,” and although his request was backed by a royal injunction. The sovereign must needs bow to the authority of the statutes, respectfully but firmly urged in contravention of his regal pleasure. Yet this would seem to have been a closing effort, for in 1648 we find four Protestant doctors on the lists. Every year there was a solemn Mass on St. Luke's day, at which all the members were bound to be present, and which even at the commencement of the 17th century was still sung by the doctors of the Faculty. After Mass the statutes were publicly read. There was a like obligation, with a penalty for its neglect, to attend an annual Mass for deceased doctors, and another for benefactors, as also to accompany the bodies of their brethren to the grave.

The head of the corporation was the Dean. His powers were extensive, and the honour paid to him unbounded. He was the “guardian of the discipline and statutes” of the Faculty, *vindex disciplinæ et custos legum*; he was at once its foremost champion and its highest dignitary. He was also its historian, entering in its great registers all facts interesting to the corporation which occurred during the course of his administration. The account of each diaconate is headed thus:



"In Nomine Omnipotentis Dei, Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Incipit commentarius rerum in decanatu * * * gestarum."

Amongst other topics judged worthy of registration is a necrologic notice of members deceased during the period. Take as a specimen, which marks at the same time the high estimation in which the diaconate was held, the account given of Merlet's death in 1663. He was the "ancient of the company," and had been remarkable for the zeal he exercised in its behalf. The then Dean, the illustrious Antoine Morand, pays the venerable doctor a visit just before he expires; and the dying man breaks out in a kind of *Nunc dimittis*—"Now I can die contented, since it has been given me to behold once more the Dean of the Faculty." Valot, the king's physician, who had come to see the patient, expresses in language of much reverence his hope that Merlet may still live to illustrate the supreme dignity in which he stands amongst them. The "patriarch" with his last breath energetically refuses such excessive honours. He confesses that he holds a high rank as ancient of the school, but not the highest. "To the Dean alone," he says, "belongs supreme honour." "Sublime words," observes Morand in his funeral notice: "veritable song of the dying swan, proceeding from a man truly wise and endowed with all perfection! May he rest in the peace of the Lord!" Of course, it is a Dean who is speaking. The charge was indeed a weighty one, both externally and internally; for in spite of general respect, the medical corporation, like most privileged bodies, had active enemies. Every two years a fresh election took place on the first Saturday after All Saints'. The Dean deposed the insignia of his dignity and gave a report of the state of affairs to the assembled doctors, who, as usual on all solemn occasions, had previously attended Mass. All their names were then placed in two urns; one containing those of the ancients, the other those of the juniors. The Dean shook the urns, and drawing three names from the first and two from the second, proclaimed them aloud. The five doctors thus chosen by lot as electors, and, as such, themselves ineligible, swore to nominate the worthiest, and retired to the chapel to implore the Divine aid. They then elected by a majority of their number three doctors, two ancients and one junior. Amidst solemn silence, the Dean once more drew the lot, and the name which came forth was proclaimed Dean for the next two years. The professors, who for long years were but two in number, were also chosen biennially, and by a similar combination of lot and election. Some good must have arisen from the liability under which every practitioner of the medical art lay of being called on to teach it. Another not unwise regulation was that which, reversing

the order observed in the case of the Dean, placed in the professional urn two junior names against one ancient. Long practice of teaching is apt to wear out the powers of the most able. Considering the times, the elements of instruction were abundantly supplied. The bachelors were not permitted to do more than comment upon and expound the ancients, and their programme was furnished to them. The professors took the higher and more original branches; they alone could dogmatise from the great pulpit of the amphitheatre (*ex superiore cathedrâ*). The teaching embraced, according to the quaint phraseology of the day, 1. natural things, viz. anatomy and physiology; 2. non-natural things—hygiène and dietetics; 3. things contrary to nature—pathology and therapeutics. In the year 1634 a course of lectures on surgery, delivered in Latin, and exclusively for the medical students, was added—a practical course of surgery in French already existed for the barber-apprentices; and the Faculty began to perceive that if they would keep their supremacy over the barber-surgeons, it would be as well to know as much as their disciples.

The oath taken by the professors is remarkable, specially the exordium: "We swear and solemnly promise to give our lessons in long gowns with wide sleeves, having the square cap on our heads and the scarlet scarf on our shoulders." This we see was their first duty. Their second engagement was to give their lessons uninterruptedly, and never by deputy, save in case of urgent necessity; each lecture to last an hour at the least, and to be delivered daily, except in vacation time, which extended from the Vigil of St. Peter and St. Paul, the 28th of June, to that of the Exaltation of the Cross, the 13th of September, and on festival days, which were pretty numerous, including also certain other solemnities, as well as the vigils of the greater feasts, when the schools were closed, *causa confessionis*, as the statutes have it.

Practical instruction was much more meagre than the oral, but this is hardly to be imputed as a fault. Anatomy cannot be learned except by dissection, and no bodies but those of criminals were procurable. The Faculty had to look to crime to help on its progress in this study. When an execution took place, the Dean received formal notice, and convoked the doctors and students on the occasion "to make an anatomy," as it was called. When the Faculty was at peace with the surgeons, the latter were favoured with an invitation. By a strange prejudice, theory and practice, as we have noticed, were kept distinct. The learned professor would have demeaned himself by becoming an operator, while the acting surgeon was condemned to be a mere intelligent machine, and was formally interdicted from being initiated in the higher mysteries of the profession. It was

a barber who generally filled this inferior office, and he not unfrequently would display more knowledge than his masters; for which offence he was sure to be severely reprimanded. "*Doctor non sinat dissectorem divagari, sed contineat in officio dissecandi*,"—"Let not the doctor suffer the dissector to stray beyond his province, but keep him to his duty of dissecting." This is one of the rules laid down in the statutes. He was to work on and hold his tongue. But not only was the barber condemned to silence,—a hard sentence, some will say, on one of his loquacious profession,—but he was to receive no pay. For remuneration he was to look to his brethren of the razor. There were more facilities for the study of botany than for any other practical branch of the medical science. Besides the garden in the Rue de la Bûcherie, the doctors had afterwards the use of the Jardin Royal founded by Richelieu; and these advantages do not seem to have been by any means neglected. Clinical instruction was peculiarly defective. Absorbed by erudition, philosophy, and the interminable disquisitions of the schools, our medical forefathers seem to have forgotten that experimental knowledge can be obtained only by the bedside of the sick. Most of the students had never seen a single patient before they reached the honours of the Baccalaureat. After this they attached themselves to some doctor, whom they followed on his rounds, in order to learn the application of what they had theoretically mastered, and were by him introduced to his clients, much as was the practice in the days of ancient Rome. The poor sufferer's room was thus not unfrequently turned into a pedantic lecture-hall. We instinctively recall to mind Molière's two Diafoiruses, father and son, stationing themselves each on one side of the unhappy patient, and discoursing in pompous medical phraseology of the character of his pulse and of the humours of his body.* The practical and, as such, the most important department of medical science received, it must be confessed, the least attention. All the prizes, whether of honour or emolument, which the future held out, tended to concentrate zeal and emulation on dialectics. It seemed as if the medical art were designed for the benefit of the doctors rather than the doctored, and that it was of more importance to be able to descant learnedly upon a malady than to cure it. To figure advantageously at one of those solemn public sittings of the medical body, which were often graced with the presence of members of the high aristocracy and of the magisterial body; to be able to deliver a brilliant harangue, and confound an opponent by a well-timed and

* "*Duriuscule, repoussant, et même un peu capricant*." "*L'intempérie de son parenchyme splénique et l'état de ses méats cholédoques*."

well-chosen quotation—such was the highest ambition of the student. To preside with distinction over the discussion of a thesis—such was the battle-field on which the doctor hoped to win his laurels. If he acquitted himself with applause, he had gained a victory which raised him higher in his own esteem, and in that of the world at large, than the most successful practice of his profession could possibly do. The first two articles of the statutes contain this spirit in a condensed form, and may be regarded as the abridged decalogue of the Faculty, summing up their duty towards God and towards man: 1. the divine offices shall be celebrated with the customary forms, and in the usual places, at the same hours and on the same days as heretofore; 2. the medical students shall frequently attend public disputations and dissertations.

The process through which the student had to pass in order to make his way to his degree of licentiate was a trying ordeal. The examination for the bachelor's degree, after a few previous solemnities, including the usual attention first to religion, next to dress and formal state, lasted a week, during which the candidate might be questioned not only by the regular examiners on the usual round of the natural, the non-natural, and the unnatural, but by any doctor present, each having the right to propose a certain number of questions. In conclusion, the aspirant had to comment on some aphorism of Hippocrates. When the examiners gave in their report, votes were taken, and a favourable majority secured to the aspirant his degree. The new bachelors swore to keep the honourable secrets, and observe all the practices, customs, and statutes of the Faculty; to pay homage to the dean and to all the masters; to aid the Faculty against all opponents and all illicit practitioners, and to submit to the punishments which it might inflict; to assist in gown at all the *Masses* ordered by the Faculty, coming in at least before the epistle, and remaining till the end; and, finally, to assist at all the academic exercises and disputations of the schools during two years, where they were to maintain some theses on medicine or hygiene, observing good order and decorum in conducting their argument.

Their great ordeal was now to come. One is amazed to read of the succession of tilts they had to run in the intellectual tourney of these two probationary years; how from St. Martin to the Carnival they had to maintain, always in full dress and before a large assembly, their *quodlibetary** theses of physiology or medicine; how from Ash-Wednesday to vacation time it was the turn of the Cardinal theses, so called from their institution by Cardinal

* So called because selected at pleasure.

d'Estoutterville. These chiefly related to hygienic questions. It is from amongst these latter that most of those puerile and absurd queries have been extracted, which have drawn down so much ridicule on the Faculty. It is scarcely possible to imagine that such questions as the following can have been intended for serious discussion: Are heroes the children of heroes? Are they bilious? Is it good to get drunk once a month? Is woman an imperfect work of nature? Is sneezing a natural act?—It is only fair, however, to remember that by far the greater number of the subjects proposed were of a very different character, and such as might profitably be considered at the present day. But if the frequent occurrence of these intellectual jousts was trying to the combatant, their interminable length was perfectly appalling. From six o'clock to eight he had to stand a preliminary skirmish with the bachelors. For the next three hours he had to encounter nine doctors, who successively entered the lists, each bringing his fresh vigour to bear on the exhausted candidate. The sitting ended with a general assault, in which all present had liberty to take a share and overwhelm the poor bachelor with a very hail-storm of interrogatories, to which he had to reply single-handed. During the Cardinal theses, the debate was still hotter and more prolonged. From five in the morning till midday, the candidate was plied with questions by the bachelors, all ready to pounce upon him at the slightest flaw in his argument or the merest slip of his tongue. As a climax of cruelty, during the *quodlibetary* examinations he was bound to furnish his persecutors with refreshment in an adjoining apartment, of which he alone was forbidden to partake. The sound of the great clock striking twelve must have been a joyful reprieve to the athlete in the ring; the wonder is that any constitution could stand the probationary two years during which this process was energetically kept up.

At the close of this period the candidates were subjected to private examination before the doctors, in order to ascertain their practical capacity and personal qualifications for exercising the medical art. Great strictness prevailed on all points which nearly concerned the honour and interests of the Faculty; and if the candidate had ever practised any manual art, *including surgery*, he was bound on oath to renounce it for the future. Then followed a separate private examination by each individual doctor as to a thousand personal details affecting the competence of the applicant. A secret scrutiny then decided on the admissibility, not as yet the admission, of the candidates to the honours and privileges of actual members of the Faculty. The spirit of the old days was preserved even in the 17th century, and the licentiates had to receive ecclesiastical sanction and

a quasi-ordination. They proceeded accordingly in procession to the house of the chancellor of the academy, to whom they were presented by the dean, who, on their request, fixed a day for their reception. This form was one of the most cherished traditions of the University. Gallican as was the spirit of that body, it gloried in tracing its privileges and constitution to the Holy See; a cheap homage, which entailed no inconvenience, and of which at times it knew how to avail itself in its contests with the King and the Parliament. The chancellor, who was a canon of the metropolitan see of Paris, had long enjoyed sovereign jurisdiction over the schools; and although in the 17th century his power was purely nominal, no one disputed his right upon this occasion to represent the Sovereign Pontiff, the Supreme Teacher of the Catholic world. Other curious ceremonies attended the solemn admittance to the licentiate. All the high functionaries of state, and other important personages, were invited to attend the schools on an appointed day, in order to learn from the paranymp the names and titles of the medical practitioners whom the Faculty were about to present to the city—nay, to the whole world: "*Quos, quales, et quot medicos urbi, atque adeo universo orbi, medicorum collegium isto biennio sit suppeditaturum.*" The paranymp, as is well known, was, among the Greeks, the friend of the bridegroom, who accompanied him in his chariot when he went to fetch home the bride. Now it was held that the new licentiate was about to espouse the Faculty, much as the Doge of Venice married the Sea. The friend of the spouse, the paranymp, was, in fact, the dean, who presented the young spouses to the chancellor with a commendatory address. That dignitary invited the assembly to repair on a fixed day to the great archiepiscopal hall, which upon this occasion was thrown open to all the notabilities of the capital, who attended to add honour to the solemnity. Then the list of the candidates was read out in their order of merit, as previously decided after a strict inquiry by the doctors. They immediately fell on their knees, bareheaded, in an attitude of deep recollection, to receive the Apostolic benediction given by the chancellor in these terms: "*Auctoritate Sanctæ Sedis Apostolicæ, quâ fungor in hac parte, do tibi licentium legendi, interpretandi, et faciendi medicinam hic et ubique terrarum, in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti.*" A question was then proposed by this dignitary to the licentiate first in the order of merit, who was bound to give proof of his competency by solving it on the spot. As the chancellor was not a doctor, and as the assembly was miscellaneous, this query was usually religious or literary, and, to judge from the recorded questions, rather curious and subtle than profitable. The whole assembly forthwith repaired

in a body to the cathedral to thank our Blessed Lady for the happy conclusion of a work begun under her auspices. With his hand stretched over the altar of the martyrs, the chancellor murmured a short prayer, the purport of which was calculated to remind the newly-elected that, belonging henceforth as they did specially to the Church, they ought to be prepared to sacrifice themselves in all things, even to their very life: *usque ad effusionem sanguinis*. It depended entirely upon the licentiates themselves whether or no they were ultimately decorated with the doctor's cap, which conferred the full privileges at once of the medical corporation and of the university to which it belonged; and although a few, from modesty or other causes, declined to aim at this honour, with by far the greater number it was the consequence and complement of the licentiate. The degree of licentiate introduced the recipient to the public; that of doctor admitted him into the very sanctuary of the faculty. Accordingly it was conferred, not less ceremoniously, but more privately. It was, so to say, a family affair. Although, as we have said, there was no further examination respecting medical competency, another minute inquiry was made into the life and morals of the applicant, which was followed, if the scrutiny proved satisfactory, by a preparatory act called the *Vesperie*, because it took place in the afternoon. At this sitting, the president addressed the candidate in a solemn discourse, intended to impress him with a high sense of the dignity of the healing art, and of the maxims of honour and probity which ought to guide its professors. The ordeal of questions was not altogether closed; for we find the president proposing a query, and entering into a discussion with the candidate, who had thus still something to undergo before he passed on from the class of the questioned to the more enviable rank of the questioners.

Upon the great day, the doctor *in posse*, preceded by the mace-bearers and bachelors, with the president on his left, and followed by the doctors *in esse* selected to argue with him, proceeded to the hall of the great school. The grand apparitor then addressed him thus: "Sir candidate for the doctorate, before you are initiated, you have to take three oaths,"—"Domine doctorande, antequam incipias, habes tria juramenta." The three oaths were: 1. to observe the rights, statutes, laws, and venerable customs of the faculty; 2. to assist the day following the Feast of St. Luke at the Mass for deceased doctors; 3. to combat with all his strength against the illicit practitioners of medicine, whatever might be their rank or their condition in life. "Will you swear to observe these things?"—"Vis ista jurare?"—asked the grand apparitor; and the candidate replied with that memorable *Juro* ("I swear") which was Molière's last

word.* The president, after a brief address, turned towards him with the doctoral square cap in his hand, and making with it the sign of the cross in the air, placed it on the head of the candidate, to which he then administered a slight blow with two of his fingers, and forthwith bestowed upon him the *accolade*. The recipient was now duly dubbed Doctor. He made immediate use of his new powers, by asking a question of one of the doctors present. The president had then a tilt with the doctor who had presided at the *Vesperie*, and the sitting was closed by the new doctor's delivering a discourse of thanksgiving to God, to the Faculty, and to his friends and relations present. The statutes enjoin that this speech should be *elegant*. We may conceive that the notion of elegance entertained by the Faculty differed considerably from that which the word suggests to our minds. On the St. Martin's day following, the recently-chosen doctor did the honours of his new grade by presiding over a *quodlibetary* thesis. This was a sort of bye-day, being out of course. It was called the "acte pastillaire," in allusion probably to the sugary wafers presented to the dean stamped with his likeness, or to the *bonbons*, of which there was a general distribution on the occasion. The next day the new doctor was entered on the registers, and took his place on the junior bench for ten years.

Every one must be struck with the close resemblance which the famous ceremony in Molière's *Malade Imaginaire* bears to those scholastic solemnities. Who, indeed, would now remember these antiquated customs of an age from which we are drifting more rapidly in habits of thought and in manners than even the stream of time is carrying us, if the comic dramatist had not conferred upon them the immortality of ridicule? Yet it may well be questioned, if it were not for Molière's ludicrous picture, from which we have formed our notions and judgment of the old Faculty, whether, did we now for the first time discover in some old forgotten document the record of these proceedings, our impression might not be widely different; whether we might not see as much in them to command our respect as to provoke us to laughter. Old-fashioned ways—that is, ways which no longer reflect the ideas and feelings of the day—always lend themselves specially to ridicule. In Molière's time society was

* The great comic dramatist played the part of Argan on the first representation of his play of the *Malade Imaginaire*, now always performed on the anniversary of his death. He had probably long had within him the seeds of a mortal complaint; and, after pronouncing the word *Juro* in his character of Bachelor of Medicine taking his degree, which is the subject of the famous ceremonial ballet succeeding the comedy, he was seized with a suffocating attack, and left the playhouse only to expire shortly afterwards.

beginning to divest itself of its medieval garb, and men's minds were being formed, not always to their advantage, on a new type. The old type, however, was so strongly impressed on the medical corporation,—in which the traditionary spirit was peculiarly powerful,—that the garb, which, as we know, follows rather than precedes a change, still sat naturally on the venerable body of doctors. So entirely was this the case, that where, as individuals, they were more or less under the influence of the spirit of the day, in their professional capacity they had as it were a second self clinging tenaciously in all that concerned the Faculty to ancient ideas and forms. Of this combination the well-known Guy Patin, to whom we may hereafter have occasion to allude, was a curious example. It is difficult to look upon men performing acts, to them most serious, however absurd in our eyes, as purely ridiculous. Assuredly they have their respectable side. Neither is it easy to believe that all these good doctors, indefatigable as we have seen them, and enthusiastically devoted as they were to their calling, were all such pedantic idiots as Molière has painted them. It is a well-known fact that the inimitable piece of buffoonery to which we have alluded was concocted in the salon of Madame de la Sablière, a noted rendezvous of the “*beaux esprits*” of the day. Molière furnished the canvas and laid-in the colours of the first painting; but his witty friends had each some lively touch to contribute. It is probable that two or three of the medical profession—men who were more or less sceptical as to the perfection of every saying and doing of the Faculty, and with whom Molière is known to have lived in habits of intimacy—were present at these meetings, and supplied many of the technical expressions. It does not follow that these physicians were actuated by any spite against their order, any more than Cervantes hated chivalry, to which, while quizzing its eccentricities and exaggerations, he unwittingly gave a fatal blow.

One remark forcibly suggests itself, when we consider the hyperbolic praise which the medical body so liberally administered to itself, and with which Molière has made us familiar in passages of his comedies which can scarcely be considered as caricatures. We are apt severely to censure as grossly servile and almost idolatrous the flattery with which the men of letters and courtiers of Louis XIV.'s reign dosed the monarch. But some abatement must be made of this harsh judgment when we find the reception of an obscure bachelor to his degree made the occasion of a prodigal expenditure of the most exaggerated metaphors. He is a new star, a pharos destined to shed its light on the latest posterity; he is the compendium of all virtue, talent, and glory; he equals, if he does

not surpass, all the heroes of antiquity. And if such were the eulogies bestowed on a successful candidate for the honours of the Faculty, what was the laudation reserved for the Faculty itself, the source of all this splendour? Hyperbole went mad. We find, for instance, an orator taking as his text, "The physician is like to God." He sets forth this resemblance in the attributes of power, beneficence, mercy: physicians are the ministers and the "colleagues" of God. But this is not enough. The orator kindles as he proceeds: all comes from God; ergo evil as well as good. "But from you, medical gentlemen," he exclaims, "comes nothing but good. Doubtless God is just in afflicting us, and has His reasons. But still evil is evil, and medicine is always salutary." (Rather a bold assertion!) The conclusion is, that we should owe more to the physician than to God, seeing that while the Lord wounds, the physician heals, did we not after all owe to Him the physician himself.

One last trait to complete this sketch of the old customs of the Faculty. Molière has hinted at it in the closing line of the exordium of his comic president:

"Salus, honos, et argentum,
Atque bonum appetitum."

The culinary and gastronomic side of the medical physiognomy is not the least curious. Brillat Savarin, who has made a classified catalogue of gourmands, places physicians under the head of gourmands by virtue of their profession. It is, he says, in the nature of things. Every thing contributes to make them gluttons. The hopes and the gratitude of patients combine to pamper them. They are crammed like pigeons, and at the end of six months have become irretrievable gourmands. There seem to be reasonable grounds for this accusation. In what may be called the heroic age of the Faculty—the palmy days of medical ceremonial, which had already begun to decline in Molière's time, although the ancient forms were in the main preserved—corporation-repasts were frequent. After every examination the doctors dined; after every thesis they dined—on this latter occasion at the expense of the successful candidate. On St. Luke's day they dined; and again when the accounts were given in, and when a dean was elected. When a chair of botany was erected, a "botanic banquet" ensued as a matter of course. But it would be too tedious to enumerate all these feastings, since almost every thing furnished the pretext for an entertainment. At one time, the Faculty even officially appointed two of their number to taste the wines before their repasts. Under the pretence of hygienic considerations, questions appertaining to what may be styled transcendental cookery

were of frequent occurrence; and it was gravely debated whether salad ought to be eaten at the first course, and potatoes at the second; whether it were good to eat nuts after fish, cheese after meat, &c.

We will conclude with some reflections of a more pleasing character as to the spirit which animated the old Faculty. Some of its statutes are memorials of the virtuous principles which, in spite of all absurdities of form, were held in honour by their body. For instance, the doctors were enjoined to cultivate friendship with one another. They were never to visit a patient without an express invitation. The juniors were always to rise before the ancients, and the ancients were to protect the juniors, and treat them with kindness. The secrets of the sick were sacred; and no one was to reveal what he had seen, heard, or so much as suspected in a patient's house. Gravity, mildness, and decorum were to reign in their assemblies, where each was to speak in his proper order and without interrupting others. Disorderly behaviour, recriminations, and abusive language are to be banished for ever from the Faculty. These regulations are admirable; and at any rate bear witness to the sound views of the body of whose collective wisdom they were the expression. Indeed the great strength of the Faculty resided in its attachment to its salutary moral laws. Mere formalism would never have possessed such vitality and endurance. When we penetrate into the life of this old society, we meet with a tone of genuine uprightness, manliness, and candour quite refreshing to the mind. We may add that most of the great liberal professions—the bar, the magistracy, and the educational bodies of the seventeenth century—make the same favourable impression upon us. They exhibit the *bourgeoisie* of the day in a respectable light, as manifesting in no ordinary degree the qualities of probity, disinterestedness, and the family spirit, with all the sober virtues and homely charities which appertain to it.

We naturally know less of the life of the students; but it was probably moulded upon that of their elders and superiors. Even Molière's pompous Thomas Diafoirus, with whose rejection by Angélique for the handsome, rich, and agreeable Cléante, the reader of course heartily sympathises, is by no means a contemptible personage; and when divested of his priggish solemnity, and of all those ludicrous accidental qualities which go to make up the caricature, it cannot be denied that he is a well-principled, sober, and industrious youth. It is therefore no unreasonable conclusion to draw, that such was the general character of the body of aspirants to the honours of the venerable doctorate.

Literary Notices.

MR. TROLLOPE'S LAST NOVEL.*

To a certain class of persons the serial novel is one of the most important of all possible sources of interest. The first few days of each month, which bring in their crop of magazines and serials, almost equal to them, as causes of excitement, the arrival of the Indian or American mails in time of war in the East or West. The mails bring a fresh budget of news, and carry on the history of events, persons, or speculations, in which most people are more or less interested for a week, a fortnight, or a month; and in times of extraordinary excitement there are movements of contending armies, election or parliamentary battles, and the like, to be communicated: at other times there are births, deaths, the fluctuations of the market, and other more ordinary incidents. To the people of whom we speak, the gradual progress of the various serial novels supplies the material for thought, conjecture, suspense, and anxiety which more prosaic mortals find in foreign politics or the vicissitudes of commerce. A few skilful and ingenious magicians work upon their feelings and sympathies with as much intensity as if the fortunes of the American republic or the integrity of the Danish monarchy hung suspended in the balance. There are always a certain number of grave questions to occupy the mind, and prevent us from forgetting that we are men. Domestic politics may be tranquil, and the current of family life may run on with the happiest monotony: but there is Mr. Dickens, and Mr. Trollope, and Mr. Wilkie Collins, and a number more; and it gets at last to be three weeks or so since we heard any thing about our Mutual Friend or Lily Dale; and then there is the great Armadale question, and what is to become of Cynthia and Molly Gibson; and in a few days more we shall have news. First, like an epigrammatic and scarcely intelligible telegram, the titles of the new chapters flash upon us in the weekly journals a few days before the end of the month. Something may be got from them; not much, if the author is skilful—enough to excite curiosity, not enough to satisfy it. Then, the much-expected parcel arrives, and the new magazines lie on the table. The first reader is looked upon with the same amount of jealous indignation, if he or she lingers over the subject of common anxiety, as might be vented on the happy occupant of the single *Times* in a coffee-room on the day of the arrival of the news of some important national victory. He is compelled to epitomise the news in a few short sentences before he can be allowed to master the contents of the number in his hand. When he has announced that there is no murder after all, and that things seem to be looking rather

* *Can you forgive her?* By Anthony Trollope. London, 1865.

better for the heroine, though, on the other hand, there is a mysterious cloud gathering in the last chapter, which may break a month or two hence, he may proceed to digest the said chapter and those that precede it in peace.

It would be idle to attempt to reason as to the advantages or the mischief of this class of literature, for it certainly has a hold on the public interest of which no reasoning will deprive it. It requires certain good qualities in the writer, if he is to be successful, and at the same time gives a chance of success to authors who would otherwise be slighted. At first sight, it would seem as if it appealed to the interest felt in the gradual evolution of a well-contrived and intricate plot, rather than to the attractions of brilliant writing and lively description. There can be no very great reason why we should take in a story, of which the merit was chiefly of the latter class, in small monthly instalments. On the other hand, where the writer is 'strong in plot,' it might appear that it was an advantage to him to be allowed to unfold his machinery slowly during a year and a half or twenty months. And yet the majority of serial novels are more faulty in their plots than in their characters, and some of them have almost arrived at the extreme of having no plot at all. The characters walk about and around one another like a set of dancers who are not well acquainted with the figure. The interest is in them, in their clever sayings and natural conduct; and some of them make up into pairs at the end, as it were, for the honour of the thing. The story is written as well as read from month to month; and the author may perhaps change his plan half-way through, or begin without any definite plan to change or to keep to. Even in more artistic specimens of fiction of this class, the writer cannot always refrain from provoking the appetite of his readers by some unexplained sensationalism at the end of a chapter, which turns out a month after to have had no importance at all, and which strikes those who read the work as a whole as a needless excrescence. Thus all the circumstances under which these novels are ordinarily written tend to render their authors careless or slovenly about the story itself. On the other hand, as they are produced in dribblets, it is necessary to provide a certain amount of attractiveness in each detached portion, and we thus arrive at the necessity for brilliant and smart writing, and those happy creations of character which secure the attention of the reader in whatever scenes they may be placed.

Mr. Trollope is confessedly one of the very greatest masters in this kind of fiction. He has invented a certain number of characters of whom every body talks; and though his allusions and descriptions are sometimes positively personal, he must be allowed, as a general rule, not to have overstepped the rights of an author who professes to paint classes and not individuals. People read his books, not for the pleasure of hearing about the celebrities who may be supposed to lurk behind the names of Lord Brock, the Duke of Omnium, Mrs. Proudie, and others, but because they think that Mr. Trollope hits off the salient points of certain kinds of people who exist in the London world with

cleverness and fidelity, and without malice. When he brings in one of his favourite characters from a former work, we do not object, because we expect as much amusement as we should at meeting a real character whom we know to be good company. Of course, such a writer must excel in dialogue; and, indeed, it is his principal resource. He does not often, therefore, fall into the indolent mistake of less accomplished authors, and tell us all the excellences of his characters, instead of letting us find them out for ourselves. With all his fecundity, Mr. Trollope is a very industrious writer. The public have become more exacting of their favourites than was the case formerly; they will not excuse a slovenly sketch when greater pains might have produced an accurate portrait. Mr. Trollope—to speak of him alone—has described a good many out-of-the-way parts of the country with very great and loving faithfulness: if we find in his pages a description of some place of which we know nothing, we are ready to trust him at once. Every one knows how painstaking in this respect was the late Mr. Thackeray. Mr. Trollope's country scenery is admirably painted; and although he is quite at home in Rotten Row and Pall Mall, he seems to love the country with a truly English devotion. His works are really valuable as descriptions of country life. He must be, we suppose, an ardent sportsman, for he has given us in the work before us an excellent fox-hunt. He seems to be equally well acquainted with the "clerical world," and it is in descriptions of clergymen of various grades that his greatest triumphs have been won. Archdeacon Grantley is enough to immortalise him. Mr. Slope, Mr. Arabin, and his favourite Mr. Harding, are admirably drawn; and we suppose that Mrs. Proudie must be reckoned among the clergy also. The legal world, the world of clerks and government officials, have all been carefully sketched. He has expressed his sense of the greatness of the unattainable honours of Parliament; but his account of the debate in which George Vavasor is present looks as if he had studied the House of Commons from inside. All the world acknowledges the fidelity with which he has sketched the great political parties under the names of the Gods and the Giants, and invaded even Printing-House Square, to drag to light Tom Towers, the editor of the *Jupiter*. In the volume before us, though there may be no public man exactly answering to Mr. Palliser, and though the living Mr. Finespun is not likely to make a vacancy in the office which he has so long filled, he has imagined political characters, combinations, and changes which might meet us any day. From all this it might be supposed that Mr. Trollope is a particularly masculine writer; and yet he is supposed to possess an unexampled knowledge of the great regions of girlhood and of the female race in general. He certainly is very fond of writing about young ladies; and we must suppose that he finds his account in what is, to our mind, the nearest approach to a downright fault of taste in his writings—the literalness and particularity with which he hangs over the whole range of little tendernesses and endearments which are not usually thought worth talking about, much less writing. Barring this piece of effeminacy,

and an occasional, though very rare, solecism of language—as when he uses “to predicate” in the sense of “to predict”—Mr. Trollope has but few faults to counterbalance his numberless merits. His writings reflect admirably the manners and thoughts of the dominant classes in our society; they are full of brilliancy and good sense; and without the slightest pretence to any lofty philosophy of life, contain a good deal of quiet teaching in their way. He seems now to be in the prime of his career, in the full exercise of powers which he has taken many years of labour to develop. His greatest danger seems to lie in his facility; for he has usually two or three stories on hand at once. He may perhaps be content with the ambition of amusing his own generation, but he has enough in him to take his place among the greater writers of English fiction.

Mr. Trollope's last work may perhaps be a favourite with its author; for he tells us that he has had the story of it before his mind for many years, and that he has decided that the question asked in the title, *Can you forgive her?* ought to be answered in the affirmative. The lady about whose forgiveness the public is thus questioned is a Miss Vavasor, and the offence for which pardon is needed is the heinous one of having been foolish enough to jilt a very estimable, though somewhat too perfect, gentleman. In fact, for Mr. Trollope's purposes, she is made rather an adept in the art, as she breaks an engagement with one man twice, and another once, before she is finally married to the latter of the two. We shall not unravel the plot of the story further than to remark, that in no case is the “jilting” process brought about, as is probably most usual in real life, by another attachment; and that though there are, no doubt, excellent reasons given for her breaking with her cousin George—the rascal of the piece—once and again, there is really no satisfactory cause assigned by Mr. Trollope for her giving up the admirable Mr. Grey, or for her second acceptance of George in his place. In fact, Mr. Trollope has repeated a fault that he committed for the purposes of his story in *The Small House at Allington*. There he made Mr. Crosbie do what he described him as too shrewd to do; he should either have made him more of a fool, or not made him give up Lily Dale. In the present novel, Alice is made too sensible and too good to act as she is said to act. In both cases the characters are too good for the plot in which they figure. Alice wins our forgiveness because she is Alice. Whether we shall have *Can you forgive HIM?* and Mr. Crosbie absolved in some future tale, remains to be seen. We never know when we have done with Mr. Trollope's characters, and Crosbie is too good a one not to come to life again some day. We are not disposed to quarrel with a system of reproduction which gives us so much amusement. The present novel owes quite as much of its interest to the fortunes of Lady Glencora Palliser and her husband as to those of Alice and Mr. Grey; in fact, Lady Glencora is the best character in the book. The “villain” of the novel, George Vavasor, is very well drawn, and so is his sister Alice. As is usual in Mr. Trollope's works, there is a background or underplot, in which some of the

more comic characters figure. Mr. Trollope is one of those authors who fail most when they try to be most funny; and we cannot compliment him upon the rather dreary chapters in which the rivalry of Mr. Cheeseacre and Captain Bellfield for the hand of Alice's widowed aunt Greenow is related. The last-named lady herself is every now and then extremely amusing; and Mr. Trollope has put into her mouth some very good sayings—good enough, almost, to redeem the failure of the rest. Cheeseacre and Bellfield are, no doubt, faithfully drawn; but they belong to a set of characters that do not quite repay the trouble. In conclusion, we ought to say a word in praise of the admirable local painting of the bleak old Vavasor Hall in Westmoreland, and its neighbourhood. This is another of Mr. Trollope's faithful sketches.

The interest of the story is well sustained; though, as we have intimated already, the difficulties out of which a happy consummation has to work itself are somewhat clumsily contrived. But few of the successive scenes are uninteresting in themselves: there is a continual balance and conflict going on between the several characters, who are always, to use Mr. Trollope's own expression, "tilting" against one another; and it is the doubt about the victory in each case that keeps up the suspense of the reader. This continual appeal to our innate love for a race, a fight, a competition of some sort or other, seems to be one of Mr. Trollope's main resources, seldom used with less disguise than in *Can you forgive her?*

THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.*

THE recent appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the state of the great Public Schools of England was but a timely concession to a general feeling that these ancient seats of learning were capable of and required improvement. In an age like the present, when change is rife, and political and social power is passing into the hands of classes hitherto unimportant, or at least comparatively uninfluential, such a feeling was pretty sure to spring up, even if there had not been so much to justify it. As soon as the Oxford and Cambridge Commissioners had done their work, it was natural that the public schools should become the subject of a Royal Commission. The voluminous and careful report issued by the Commissioners contains an immense amount of valuable evidence relating to the various questions raised by the inquiry, as well as the well-considered proposals for reform to which it led. These recommendations appear not to go far enough for many would-be reformers; and on the other hand, they seem to have called forth an unexpected amount of opposition from the very powerful bodies with whose work they propose to interfere. Probably the changes recommended in detail go in reality to the utmost limit of

* *The Great Schools of England*: an account of the foundation, endowment, and discipline of the chief Seminaries of Learning in England, including Eton, Winchester, Westminster, St. Paul's, Charterhouse, Merchant Tailors', Harrow, Rugby, Shrewsbury, &c. By Howard Staunton. London, 1865.

what is practicable in the way of improvement; but the Commissioners have unfortunately hampered their suggestions by adding to them a project for the alteration of the governing and administering bodies, by the creation of something answering to a board or committee in their place. This scheme, on the face of it, implies a certain want of confidence in the ruling powers as they are; and although it has its plausible side in the "infusion of new blood," as it is called, it would probably never work well, even if half the constituent members of the board did not come to its deliberations with a sense of dislike and discontent. It is more like a French scheme than an English one, and may perhaps prevent a great deal of the good advice with which its proposal is coupled, from being taken. Nor is it very likely that a change of this kind can be forced upon the institutions in question—which are in reality a great power in the country—against their own will.

The chief fruit of the Commission, therefore, seems likely to be the carrying out of a certain amount of improvement by the public schools themselves, under the legitimate influence of public opinion, enlightened and stimulated by the evidence accumulated by the Commissioners. But the report is like all such productions, unwieldy; and but few will venture to attack its four volumes for themselves. The general public must depend upon epitomes and extracts, and receive, therefore, a real service when any one helps it to cope with the desired information with as little loss of time and labour as possible. We hope, in some future number, to put before our readers some remarks on a few of the chief topics of interest embraced in the report; in the mean while, we know of no better book than that before us for the purpose of general information as to the actual state of the schools and the outlines of their history. Mr. Staunton seems to have written his work originally before the publication of the evidence; but he has remodelled it to a great extent since, and has embodied in it the recommendations of the Commissioners, general and special. The account of each of the schools noticed is tolerably full; and the statistics may, we suppose, be considered accurate. Mr. Staunton has not confined himself to the schools into which inquiry was made by the Royal Commissioners; he has added accounts of Cheltenham, Christ's Hospital, Dulwich, Marlborough, Rossall, and the lately-founded Wellington College. Some of these have certainly no business to be classed with the public schools; and their admission to such company seems all the stranger, when we remember that there are several old well-endowed schools of considerable reputation, such as those at Birmingham, Tunbridge, Bedford, Tiverton, and other places, that have a far more legitimate claim upon our interest. The great defect of Mr. Staunton's book is the absence of anything like a general review of the subject; a defect scarcely supplied by a rather rambling introductory essay.

It must, however, be remembered that general conclusions on such a subject as that of the Public Schools, however easily made, are pretty sure to be defective. The schools differ very much from one another in system, in character, and in general tone. They are a set of little

worlds, or almost little nationalities; and the personal knowledge of one is no sure guide to a thorough understanding of another. And yet it is almost equally impossible to understand them fully from without, and to judge them impartially from within. Every stranger who writes about them makes himself more or less absurd by blunders such as those which French travellers make when they describe England. Every dutiful defender of the system, or of his own school in particular, makes himself at once suspected by the warmth of his advocacy, or, at all events, by the importance which he attaches to what seem trifles or matters of sentiment, or the low estimate that he forms of difficulties which appear to the eye of a stranger gigantic. Mr. Staunton's book will probably appear dry and uninteresting to many readers, on account of its want of speculation and theory, and of the absence, as a general rule, from its pages of sweeping assertions as to what must be the effect of this or that custom or principle of education upon the minds or morals of the boys. This, however, is to our mind one of the real merits of the work. Mr. Staunton does not venture far beyond the region of facts and figures; but, at all events, he does not come to rash conclusions; and although his sympathies are probably strong on the reforming side, he speaks calmly and respectfully of those who may differ from him. He has thus produced a very valuable manual, with which any one who takes an interest in the subject of Public School education should, as a first step, make himself familiar. He will learn more as to the real state of things from these pages, dry and statistical as they are, than from half-a-dozen trashy "Etonian" novels or stories, in which some literary adventurer has got up some minute particulars of locality and of school-boy slang, and interwoven these deceptive materials with a tale the incidents and whole character of which are perfectly foreign to the place at which the scene is laid. Books like *Tom Brown's School-days*—if there are any like that first-rate work—give a fair idea of the school they describe at a certain time. The common run of the writers who have been tempted to imitate Mr. Hughes on a small scale have produced pictures that are hardly like enough to the original to be called caricatures.

The Public School system, so to call it, is one of those institutions peculiar to this country, the character of which may be judged of as differently as possible, according to the point of view from which they are looked at. Like the Establishment, the Universities, and the Prayer-book, it has its origin in ancient and Catholic times, and has preserved many fragmentary features of the period of its birth. Some of the points in the system, which seem most strange to modern ideas, come down, no doubt, from the days of Wykeham, Waynflete, and Henry VI. We have been told that the custom of the Winchester boys saluting the statue of our Blessed Lady in the Gate Tower was only suppressed by the present head-master, Dr. Moberly. No doubt the observance of Saints' days, and the frequent chapel services at Winchester, Eton, and elsewhere, come down from ante-Reformation times. We do not quote these instances as more than they are worth. In

many more distinctly educational and disciplinary matters, there can be little doubt that antiquity has been followed in the public schools more than in more modern institutions. Then the former have a semi-mediæval character to the men of mere nineteenth-century ideas, and are looked upon as relics of an obsolete system which ought not to have been so long tolerated. It may be a question on which different opinions may very fairly be held, whether the ancient spirit has so far hung about its former haunts as to exercise any appreciable influence of its own for good, after Catholicism was swept away.

It is a question, however, which does not apply to public schools alone; and it can never be settled on *a-priori* grounds, any more than by the personal recollections of this or that convert. The best criterion that can be applied to the subject may, perhaps, be found in a comparison between the elder schools and those which have no traditions or features that put them in connection with ancient times: though even these, such as Cheltenham and Marlborough, have probably copied in many respects the model of Winchester and Eton. Taking the system as a whole, it suggests, at all events, many an interesting question, as to its influence on the national character and intelligence; as to the preparation it affords for that amount of public life which is, to some extent, the future lot of most of the boys educated in public schools; as to its moral and religious effects, and the like. But on these questions we cannot enter in the present notice.

7.

OAKELEY'S LYRA LITURGICA.*

WE have elsewhere in our present Number spoken of the general class of poetry under which the compositions contained in Canon Oakeley's volume must be ranged, and have said a few words to show our estimate of his fitness for the work to which he has set himself. We trust that these graceful poems will become household friends to many a thoughtful Catholic, and will suggest to such persons the habit of finding fruitful and soothing matter for meditation in the order of the Christian festivals and the ceremonies of the Catholic Church. The pages of the *Lyra Liturgica* must of course be understood to aim at indicating treasures rather than at exhausting them; yet few will probably read them without finding matter for surprise at the abundance of beautiful thoughts which the subjects treated of have suggested to the mind of the author.

The remarks elsewhere made will sufficiently describe the character of this little work, and the spirit in which Canon Oakeley has written. The volume is divided into sections, according to the seasons of the year; and an examination of any one of these will give a fair idea of the tone of the whole. Let us take the opening section, devoted to the winter quarter of the year. Many of our readers may open Canon Oakeley's volume with the sweet strains of the *Christian Year* still fresh

* *Lyra Liturgica*: Reflections in Verse for Holy Days and Seasons.

in their memory. We will set aside all question of poetic power, as to which the later writer of the two would be the first to cry out against the thought of a comparison between Mr. Keble and himself. This question, then, being dismissed, we should not be afraid to draw the contrast between the warmth and brightness of Advent and Christmas-tide as they fall on the children of the Church with their festivals and services, and their severer and more Jewish aspect as set forth in the Anglican Prayer-book. Canon Oakeley has struck the key-note, as it were, of the Church's song at this season, in remarking the prominence given to commemorations of our Blessed Lady. We have the Feast and Octave of the Immaculate Conception at the beginning of Advent, at a time of the year when, as in the weeks which usually fall before Easter, the number of the festivals of Saints is comparatively few. Then there is the perpetual mention of our Lady in the Advent commemoration, and the Feast of the Expectation a week before Christmas, echoed, as it were, in the following month by that of our Lady's Espousals. It is surely most natural that at the season of preparation for Christmas, and during the whole time when the Birth of our Lord is celebrated, the Church should keep before the minds of her children the privileges of His most Blessed Mother, as no picture of the Holy Infancy can ever be imagined without her figure in it. And so it is in fact; but it could never be suggested by the Anglican Prayer-book. Again, there is the beautiful Feast of the Holy Name, so soon after the Epiphany, and formerly, as it would seem, connected most naturally with the Feast of the Circumcision. A whole crowd of suggestive thoughts is called forth by the giving a separate celebration to each mystery. It is obvious that we have here a range of subjects very fit for poetic contemplation, and more directly the creation of the mind of the Church, so to speak, than the Sunday lessons which are selected for successive reading in the Prayer-book. If we pass on to the spring quarter, we find Canon Oakeley dwelling very fully upon the wonderfully significant ceremonies of Holy Week and Passion-tide: the Veiling of the pictures and images, the Procession of Palms, the ceremonies of Holy Thursday, the Procession to the Sepulchre, the Adoration of the Cross on Good Friday, and the various Blessings and rejoicings of Holy Saturday. He gives us some very good translations of the Reproaches and the "*Crux fidelis*;" indeed, a considerable part of his work here consists of translation or adaptation from the Missal. His poem on Holy Saturday, "*the Renewal of Nature*," is perhaps as fair a specimen of his powers as we could give, and we cannot resist the temptation to quote it entire:

"The glorious sun, when first he sheds his rays
O'er earth's expanse and ocean's watery plain,
Folds in the vesture of his ample blaze
Each part and province of his great domain:

The desert's vastness, and the shore's recess,
The mountain-peaks that human steps defy,

The lakes that slumber in the wood's caress,
All drink his light, and bask beneath his eye.

When CHRIST, our Sun, from death to life arose,
Renew'd Himself, He made all creatures new ;
Earth caught His orient beams, and Nature glows
Fresh with the lustre of Redemption's hue.

Man first, enthron'd by GOD in high estate,
But more than all His work by sin impair'd ;
In restoration, as in ruin great,
The glory of the Resurrection shar'd.

Nor noblest things alone, but vile and low
(In Nature's order low, till rais'd by grace),
Revive and glisten with a healthful glow,
Reflected from Creation's alter'd face.

Clear'd of their taint, or of their malice shorn,
E'en noxious elements in CHRIST we prize ;
Their sting or vileness gone, themselves re-born
To goodlier use and holier destinies.

The earth that lies neglected o'er the land,
Or bruise'd by thoughtless man's imperious tread,
Reclaim'd, and benison'd by priestly hand,
Clasps in its strong embrace the holy dead.

The air that feeds the desolating storm,
Yet fans the spirit's as the body's life,
Returns through consecrated lips, in form
Of breath, with power instinct, and blessings rife.

The water, once the world's absorbing grave,
Hath learned of CHRIST its mission to reverse,
Charg'd by His word with power to cleanse and save
The souls He deigns with loving care to nurse.

The fire, obedient to the Exorcist's sign,
Forgets its fury and controls its might ;
Tam'd to instruct, and taught in peace to shine ;
The type of zeal, and source of sacred light ;

Whose power unlocks the fragrant clouds that rise
In fleecy ringlets, when our Lord is nigh,
Or present in the Bloodless Sacrifice,
Or thron'd in form of majesty on high ;

Whose steady light, like some suspended gem,
Marks the sweet Sacrament ; or, like the star
That halted o'er the Crib of Bethlehem,
Luring the pilgrim sages from afar ;

Or like the lamp that from some misty height
Looks on the seaman's wanderings like an eye,
That tells, in howling winds' and waves' despite,
That love is vigilant, and succour nigh.

I know, O Lord, that Thou art near to-day;
 These blessings, which around Thy presence throng,
 Are heralds sure, that come to clear Thy way,
 And chant the prelude of our Easter song."

In the summer quarter the chief feature is a set of poems on the Feast of Corpus Christi. Our author has hardly been so successful in his poem on the Assumption; the metre is unfortunate; and there is an air of prose cut into lengths to serve the purpose of poetry about such a stanza as

"Every step in her beautiful course was replete
 With sobriety, calmness, and modest repose;
 Her work was submission, her life a retreat,
 And no pomp or observance denoted its close."

We are also rather inclined to regret that in another poem on a feast of our Blessed Lady,—the Annunciation,—Canon Oakeley should have thrown a very pleasing meditation on the mystery rather too much in the form of a defence of Catholic devotion. The defence is perfectly legitimate and unanswerable; but it might perhaps have been better to pass over in silence the attack which it meets. The autumnal quarter is less fully treated than the others; but it contains some thoughtful poems, with one of which we shall conclude our notice of the *Lyra Liturgica*. Canon Oakeley was sure not to miss one of the most touching of all the arrangements of the Calendar—that which places the Commemoration of All Souls on the day after the Feast of All Saints:

"What means this veil of gloom
 Drawn o'er the festive scene;
 The solemn records of the tomb
 Where holy mirth hath been;
 As if some messenger of death should fling
 His tale of woe athwart some nuptial gathering?

Our homage hath been given
 With gladsome voice to them
 Who fought, and won, and wear in heaven
 CHRIST'S robe and diadem;
 Now to the suffering Church we must descend,
 Our 'prisoners of hope' with succour to befriend.

They will not strive or cry,
 Nor make their pleadings known;
 Meekly and patiently they lie,
 Speaking with GOD alone;
 And this the burden of their voiceless song,
 Wafted from age to age, 'How long, O Lord, how long?'

O blessed cleansing pain!
 Who would not bear thy load,
 Where every throb expels a stain,
 And draws us nearer God?

Faith's firm assurance makes all anguish light,
With earth behind, and heaven fast opening on the sight.

Yet souls that nearest come
To their predestin'd gain,
Pant more and more to reach their home :
Delay is keenest pain

To those that all but touch the wish'd-for shore,
Where sin, and grief that comes of sin, shall fret no more.

And O, for charity,
And sweet remembrance' sake,
These souls, to GOD so very nigh,
Into your keeping take !
Speed them by sacrifice and suffrage, where
They burn to pour for you a more prevailing prayer.

They were our friends erewhile,
Co-heirs of saving grace ;
Co-partners of our daily toil,
Companions in our race ;
We took sweet counsel in the House of GOD,
And sought a common rest along a common road.

And, had their brethren car'd
To keep them just and pure,
Perchance their pitying GOD had spar'd
The pains they now endure.

What if to fault of ours those pains be due,
To ill example shown, or lack of counsel true ?

Alas ! there are who weep
In fierce unending flame,
Through sin of those on earth that sleep,
Regardless of their shame ;
Or who, though they repent, too sadly know
No help of theirs can cure or soothe their victim's woe.

Thanks to our GOD who gives,
In fruitful Mass or prayer,
To many a friend that dies, yet lives,
A salutary share ;
Nor stints our love, though cords of sense be riven,
Nor bans from hope the soul that is not ripe for heaven.

Feast of the holy Dead !
Great Jubilee of grace !
When Angel guards exulting lead
To their predestin'd place
Souls, that the Church shall loose from bonds to-day,
In every clime that basks beneath her genial sway."



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THE Manufacturers have every confidence in asserting, that if those Ladies and Laundresses who do not regularly use this STARCH would disregard the advice of interested dealers, who are allowed extra profits on inferior articles, and give it a fair trial, they would then feel satisfied with the very superior finish which it imparts to Laces, Linens, Muslins, &c., the great saving of trouble in its application, and the entire absence of disappointment with the results, and would for the future, like

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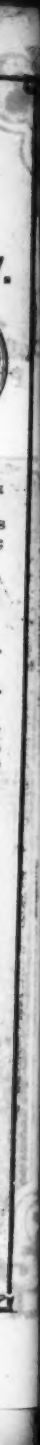
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EARL RUSSELL has graciously favoured J. T. Davenport with the following: "Extract of a despatch from Mr. Webb, H.B.M.'s Consul at Manilla, dated Sept. 17, 1864: 'The remedy most efficacious in its effects (in epidemic Cholera) has been found to be CHLORODYNE, and with a small quantity given to me by Dr. Burke have saved several lives.'"

"* Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he had received a despatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Manilla, to the effect that Cholera had been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE.—See *Lancet*, Dec. 31, 1864.

CHOLERA, DYSENTERY, FEVER, AGUE, &c.

CHLORODYNE.

VICE-CHANCELLOR SIR W. P. WOOD stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE

was undoubtedly the Inventor of Chlorodyne; that the statements of the Defendant Freeman were deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say they had been sworn to. Eminent hospital Physicians of London stated that Dr. J. Collis Browne was the discoverer of Chlorodyne; that they prescribe it largely, and mean no other than Dr. Browne's.—See *Times*, July 13, 1864.—The Public, therefore, are cautioned against using any other than Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

This INVALUABLE REMEDY produces quiet, refreshing sleep—relieves pain, calms the system, restores the deranged functions, and stimulates healthy action of the secretions of the body—without creating any of those unpleasant results attending the use of opium. Old and young may take it at all hours and times when requisite. Thousands of persons testify to its marvellous good effects and wonderful cures, while medical men extol its virtues most extensively, using it in great quantities in the following diseases:

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From Dr. MONTGOMERY, late Inspector of Hospitals, Bombay.—"Chlorodyne is a most valuable remedy in Neuralgia, Asthma, and Dysentery; to it I fairly owe my restoration to health, after eighteen months' severe suffering, and when all other medicines had failed."

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From the Rev. O. S. AITKEN, Cornwall.—"Sir, I have used Chlorodyne in a great variety of cases of illness amongst my poorer neighbours, and have found it invariably more or less efficient. In diarrhoea it has never failed in one single instance to effect a cure. In cases of toothache, and even confirmed rheumatism, it has almost invariably given relief. In the almost numberless cases of consumptive cough, which abounded in the neighbourhood, it afforded ease, which the sufferers could obtain from nothing else. I have also found very great benefit from its use myself, and am now able to take duty as usual, after my life was despaired of from apparently developed phthisis."

CAUTION.—Always ask for "Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE," and see that his name is on the Government Stamp. Sold only in Bottles, at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d., by all Chemists.

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1865.

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